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THE GENERAL ELECTION: ANNOUNCING THE POLLS AT THE CARLTON CLUB.

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

Why is it one has never had a proper account of that wisest of human beings—until the event has proved him otherwise—the Election Prophet? The Sporting Prophet is well known, better known, perhaps, even than trusted, and has been accurately described; the Religious Prophet, the gentleman who knows to an hour when the world will come to an end, and sells you the information—in advance—in an octavo volume, price six shillings, has had his biographers; and both these persons get severely spoken of by those who in the one case have paid for the “tip” and in the other for the book. But the Election Soothsayer, more positive than either, and more offensive, because he buttonholes you and makes you listen to him, escapes rebuke. When the election is over, nobody cares twopence about what was foretold of it; and, as this sort of prophet, even by the nature of things, only flourishes once in five years or so, the species has escaped reprobation. One wishes that, like the aloe, he only flourished once in a hundred years, and that one was born and dead in the interval, so as to miss him altogether; since for the last month or so he has been the plague of our lives.

This kind of prophet is objectionable enough, when, Cassandra-like, he is despondent, and paints the future, whatever his own colours may be, in the hues of eclipse; but it is some satisfaction to find him, from whatever cause, in the lowest spirits. When he is sanguine, he becomes intolerable. To see him at the club, with his back to the fireplace, and his thumbs in the armholes of his waistcoat, exclaiming, “We shall sweep the country, Sir, sweep the country!”—for he always repeats the prophecies, as if it were something in a “ballade”—is in every sense an imposing spectacle. He has the best political information attainable. “I speak,” he says, “on the most absolute authority, though I am not at liberty to name it: we shall sweep the country!” Sometimes he is so audacious as to state the majority that his party is to obtain, and it is never less than a quarter of the House of Commons. If any incredulous and practical person remarks, “Perhaps you would like to lay a fiver about that?” he withers him with a glance. The idea of a person of his political position, the bosom friend of Cabinet Ministers, or the leaders of the Opposition, as the case may be, being called upon to back his opinion with filthy lucre is repugnant to his sense of propriety. If the elections begin unfavourably to his views, he says, “Just wait a bit”; if favourably, he says, “What did I tell you?” When the affair is over, and the other side has “swept the country,” one would think he would take ship for Australia, under another name, and never be seen in Pall Mall again. On the contrary, he takes his walks abroad—that is, at home—as usual, and comes to the club, and spreads his legs, and puts his thumbs in his waistcoat-holes, just as before. If anyone reminds him of his prophecies and remarks with a chuckle, “How about the Greens sweeping the country?” “The Greens, my dear fellow?” he will reply with the utmost confidence, “I never said the Greens, I said the Whites.” And he will be just as confident, and quite as wrong, about the next election.

For the iniquity of their sentences some judges of our criminal courts have no equals elsewhere; but no one can accuse them of an animus against the accused, provided his offence is sufficiently cruel and unprovoked. In France, on the other hand, unless he has murdered somebody out of affection for a young woman, an accused person is always held to be guilty at starting, especially if suspected of being a military spy. If such an individual is found with compromising documents in his possession, one can imagine this state of affairs; but a new proof of unpatriotic infamy has just been imputed to a prisoner which strikes one as being of too general an application. A spy has been captured at Lille who had no compromising papers upon him—“a very suspicious circumstance,” we are told, “as it suggests the likelihood of his having, under the consciousness of guilt, thrown them away.” I suppose nothing will ever endow a Frenchman with a sense of humour. In this case they caught the secretary of the Prefect of the Nord taking his morning walk; he has been released, and (what is very unusual in such military mare’s nests) “with apologies” for the mare’s nest. But if he had been a German!

Considerable indignation has been excited in Germany on account of a newspaper editor being sent to prison for *lèse-majesté* for having stated that the Emperor had shot a stag out of season. What increases one’s wonder is that the place where it was alleged to be shot was a preserve exempt from the regulations as regards close time. Conceive an editor in England being punished for petty treason for having stated that the Prince of Wales had caught a trout out of season, or failed to throw one, too small to be legally taken, into the stream again! For my part, if I ever did catch a trout, even if it was but of the size of a minnow, I should keep it, stuff it, and put it in a glass case, notwithstanding all laws to the contrary. One must stop somewhere even in defiance to authority; and how much more if one were the Prince of Wales! I expressed these liberal opinions to a sporting friend the other day, without meeting with the sympathy that my denunciation of imperial tyranny deserved. “It would be very foolish,

no doubt,” he said, “to make a fuss about trout, or even stags; but suppose that any newspaper should say that the Prince had shot a fox!” “Well,” I replied, “even that would not be petty treason.” “No, Sir, it would not,” he answered, very unpleasantly, “because it would be high treason.” I had forgotten that the man was an M.F.H.

There seems to be even more vehement objections to the exhibition of the human form divine in art in America than in England. Mr. Butler, of Iowa, has moved that no figures shall be admitted in the Art Gallery, the Annexes, or in any part of the grounds of the World’s Columbian Exposition “unless they be properly and modestly dressed in such a manner as shall conform to the American standard of purity in art, as petitioned for by a large number of people of this country.” It would appear from the above that, if this gentleman should have his way, the most classic statues of Venus and Apollo might be admitted to the Exhibition after an outfit from a Chicago tailor. But think of the shock to the tailor! In the state of the thermometer at the present writing, when one would like to “take off one’s skin” and “sit in one’s bones,” one’s sympathy with Mr. Butler is small indeed. In England, outside the County Council, which throws its mantle over even the wanton marionette, we have few reformers of this kind. When prudery is committed, it is generally through a misunderstanding, as in the case of the lady who refused to pass through the county of Durham because she had been told that the miners worked in shifts.

The ways of the advertiser, like that of the transgressor, are hard, in the sense of difficult. What does the “young man” want who advertises in the *Daily Telegraph* for the position of an “improver”? One has heard of a youth being tied to a woman’s apron-string, but not elsewhere. He “understands paper” (a thing which, if he means the newspaper, I sometimes fail to do), and “can work the guillotine.” If this be true, he ought to be ashamed of himself to confess it; yet he boasts of having “had five years’ experience.” The strange thing is that his advertisement is headed “Stationery, Books, Printing”; but this is, perhaps, a cipher to conceal his crimes.

Curiously enough, immediately underneath this comes one of the most innocent and philosophic proposals that ever graced a journal. “Business men, clergymen, and those having much brain work” (a class apparently quite different from the other two) are adjured to “send for a recipe, invaluable, genuine, harmless, and which makes you as bright as a child.” This is not a soap, or else it is a very expensive one, for it costs a guinea. What can it be? If it renders one “like a child,” what a blessing it would be to the miscreant who has been “working the guillotine” for five years!

Generally speaking, the advertiser speaks well of his wares, and is quite satisfied if he gets his price for them; but sometimes he gets a great deal more than he bargained for from the advertisee. I extract some gems from an epistle lately addressed to a widow lady who, in a weekly newspaper, had modestly expressed her wish to let her cottage by the seaside: “Madam,—Referring to an advertisement of yours in the — of last month, *Well-furnished six-roomed cottage, &c.*—I think in a row, or was it detached?—at Silverbeach, allow me to ask you if you can recommend me a very moderate-rented, farm-like place by the sea, with trout stream, shooting, fruit-trees, church pew, roomy house, coach-house, stables, and land to accommodate my large family, and keep some profitable stock with cheap living. . . . The place must not be smothered in sand like Silverbeach, which I was down to view some time ago. Hoping you will not consider this intrusive, I am, &c. P.S.—I should like to have particulars of number and size of rooms, acreage, taxes, and all outgoings, with descriptions of scenery, approach, water supply, and also average of game and fish bag, at your earliest convenience.”

It is, perhaps, an unfortunate thing that all the people who like music cannot take their fill of it in private, and leave the rest of the world at peace; but it is certainly most regrettable that those who like noise cannot be similarly secluded. The idea of both these classes is, however, to make proselytes, and, not content with enjoying themselves, to take others by the throat—or rather by the ear—and insist on their participation in their pleasure. The Salvation Army goes about recruiting, with its big drum, as sailors used to press one another for the Navy; and in the same spirit the lady who gives an “at home,” with “music” in the corner of the invitation, expects you to come to it, whether you like it or not. For my part, I know few sensations more desperately doleful than sitting in a vast drawing-room with nothing on earth to do but listen to somebody playing the fiddle, the piano, or (for all I know to the contrary) the sackbut. Perhaps the louder it is the better, for then one can say what one likes to oneself aloud, which is some relief. Vulgar people talk of being “ready to burst” with impatience at this or that; but this is exactly what seems to be the matter: one seems to swell with silent indignation, and to contemplate the catastrophe in question as an act of revengeful rivalry. Music, we are told, soothes even the savage breast, and it seems certain that musical persons

would not ask people who do not care about music to their concerts if they knew what tortures they inflict. It is not everybody who can say “No,” or (which is more usual) say “Yes” and not go; he may owe them money, or hope to do so, or want to sell them a house, or to marry their daughter; and it is cowardly, indeed, thus to take advantage of his dependent position.

Harmonies, even of the most inspiring kind, are welcome to nobody at very late hours. To a young lady in love, indeed, it is otherwise: a serenade cannot come too late, though it may be much too long deferred; but they are only a fraction of the population. Most of us know no serenaders except the Ethiopians, and we wish they were like the heads of their profession, who never perform out of their own hall; but, though they are quite as black as they are painted, they do not, at least, make night hideous with their melodies. The wretches who sing Christmas carols are the only outdoor offenders in this respect, except at election times. After the declaration of a late poll, it is now not uncommon for the partisans of the successful candidate to parade the street and howl their satisfaction to the moon. I hate it, even if it is my candidate. I should hate it if I were the candidate himself. The custom is quite a sufficient argument against triennial Parliaments. One can understand highly patriotic persons murdering their opponents, but why, like Macbeth, should they murder sleep?

It is wicked to live in an undetached house with thin walls and allow your daughters to practise day and night on the piano. We will give up the day; people ought to be about their business in the day—it is only authors (a contemptible and unimportant class) who do their work at home; but at night, when sleep should knit up the ravelled sleeve of care, a piano next door is intolerable. The law will give no relief; but there are methods. In a terrace with which I am acquainted the matter is being tried out of court. An author, who can neither sleep nor work on account of pianos, one above and one below, and finds all remonstrance useless, has invested in a couple of gongs—none of your tom-toms, but very large ones. He has hung them against the walls opposite the pianos, and when they begin the gongs begin. His collaborator in fiction beats one gong and he beats the other. How it will end is not yet known; but the betting is on the gongs. A few people have died from insomnia in the terrace since the struggle began, but revolutions cannot be accomplished by rose-water, nor omelettes be made without breaking of eggs.

When, after a long silence, Sheridan’s dramatic muse was accused of being indolent, it was well said by a wit of the day that Mr. Sheridan was afraid of the author of “The School for Scandal”; and a similar observation might be made on Mr. Stevenson if he should ever chance, to our misfortune, to become less fecund. The man who had written “Treasure Island,” “The Master of Ballantrae,” “Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde,” and “Kidnapped” might well be cautious how he entered into rivalry with himself. But he has done it, and again successfully, in “The Wrecker.” To find spots in the sun—a province the reviewer shares with the astronomer—the plot has not the clearness that one would desire. Even after one has finished the book—and the finish is terribly dramatic—one feels a little as though a thunderbolt had fallen in one’s immediate vicinity, and inclined to exclaim, “What the deuce has happened?” One has to give one’s whole attention—which is rather an unconscionable demand on a novel-reader—to follow the threads of the story; but they are golden. Pinkerton is not merely a study of character, he is a creation. The discovery of the Flying Scud might have been painted by Defoe. Mr. Dodd’s shipmates are amazing, and yet so lifelike. The story is a puzzle, intensely interesting from first to last; and if some people have to read it over again in order thoroughly to understand it, they are to be congratulated upon their thick-headedness. I am sure of this, because I had to do it myself.

“Dorothy Wallis,” which has an interesting preface by Mr. Walter Besant, is well worth reading by those who are interested in the employments of women—or, rather, in their difficulties in getting any—and especially in those connected with the stage. We are assured that the facts are taken from real life. This will be no satisfaction to the novel-reader who wants a good story and doesn’t care whether it is true or not; and it must be confessed that Dorothy’s story, as a story, tails off lamentably after the opening chapters. But as a record of the trials and troubles of young women who have a longing to be actresses, it is a most informing narrative. There is a little too much about “love of their art” in it, which generally simply means love of applause, a good salary, and a prominent position; but, on the whole, it strikes one as authentic: a real autobiography, with a touch here and there of another and a master hand. Nobody can say that the effect of the book will be to increase the number of applicants at the stage-door. As a picture of discomfort and sordid cares, Mr. Gissing himself could hardly paint a sadder one: the most curious thing about it is that, though the narrator is left in anything but an enviable position, she seems quite satisfied with it. That is not very usual—except upon the stage.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

Few will regret the loss of the dramatic season when in a few days' time the curtain is rung down and the players are off for their holiday—some to rest indefinitely, I fear; others to scamper through the provinces before starting work again in London. All concerned in management have had the very worst time on record to encounter. Many have gone under; lucky those who have weathered the storm. Bad times, worse weather, a General Election, and a scarcity of good plays have combined their forces against the commercial manager, who has found as a general rule that his expensive seats have not been able to pay for liberal salaries and the upholsterers', carpenters', and dressmakers' bills which are such expensive luxuries in modern theatrical management. There has been no indifference whatever on the part of the public to support any entertainment that had the slightest merit in it. Mr. Henry Irving's gorgeous Shaksperian revival, which has eclipsed the well-remembered productions of Charles Kean at the old Princess's Theatre; Mr. Beerbohm Tree's plucky excursion into the delightful land of Shakspeare; the caustic satire of Mr. Oscar Wilde at the St. James's; the observant cleverness of Mr. Sydney Grundy at the Garrick, have either been cheerfully encouraged or gracefully patted on the back. But, as I have ventured to point out again and again, there has been no public desire to welcome or to applaud any play that deliberately ignores the backbone of humanity and nature that certain modern critics affect to despise and condemn.

Truth to tell, the season has been so disastrous, and the outlook has become so gloomy, that many managers are seriously considering the policy of lowering their prices in order to kill two birds with one stone—to tempt the paying public back to the theatre and to defeat the "order system," that in course of years has done such incalculable harm. The policy is

artists and professional people. When he met with a genuine success he did not exhaust it, but put it away. Often and often he stopped a successful run after, say, a hundred nights. He put the play away, and when the time came revived it to better business than ever. He knew the public liked novelty and variety, and he encouraged both. He encouraged something very like the "stock system," and kept his company together. Stars he would borrow, but the rank and file were always there. In a word, he cut his coat according to his cloth. He started the ten-shilling stall, and he justified the use of it: he played the game of management on strictly commercial lines, and he retired as a young man with a fortune honestly earned, and one of the best friends that the English drama ever had.

I wish sincerely that Madame Sarah Bernhardt had not attempted to play Frou-Frou after a weary and exhausting journey to Paris and back. We have wondered, many of us, how long nervous excitement would buoy her up. It has supported her at marvellous moments. But it broke down at Frou-Frou. For the first time we had words and no soul; dresses but no inspiration. It was a misfortune, but it will be forgotten to-morrow in some other splendid *tour de force*. This wonderful artist has played this year with more splendid force and more astounding apathy than I ever remember before in her whole career. For the brilliancy of the Tosca, Cléopâtre, and Marguerite we have had the misfortune of a Leah, a Pauline Blanchard, and a Frou-Frou.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

MARRIAGE OF LORD SOUTHAMPTON.

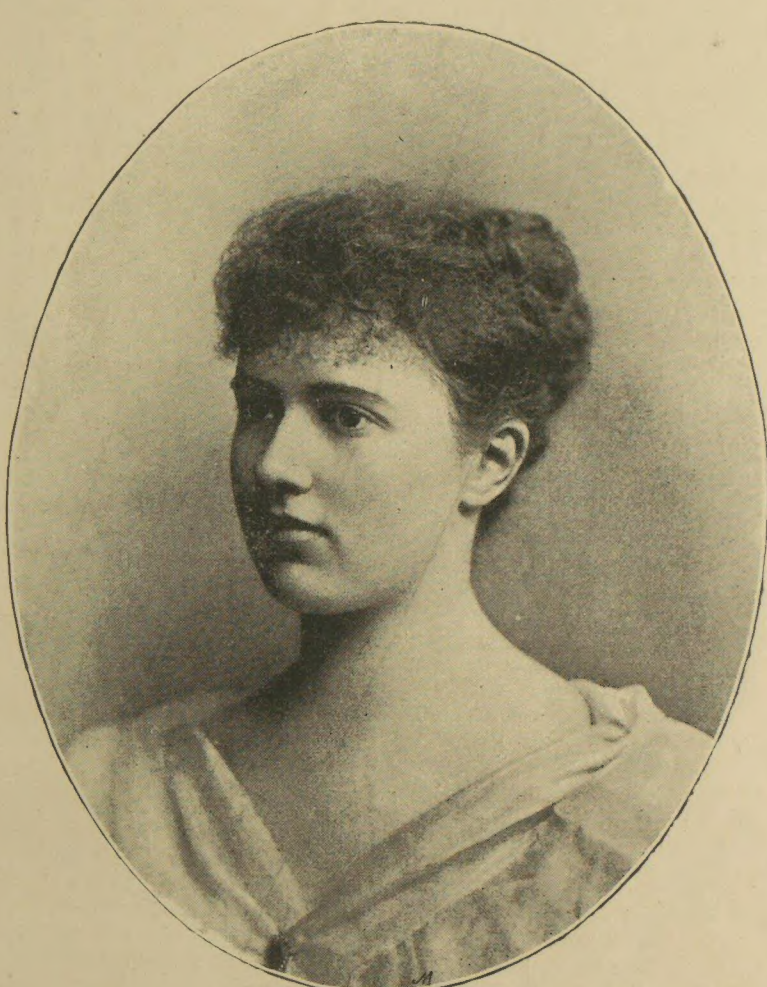
Dublin, at the end of a week of brilliant social gatherings connected with the Tercentenary Festival of Trinity College, on Saturday, July 9, witnessed an aristocratic wedding in

WATCHING THE RESULTS.

The election has been notable for the way in which the news agencies and the great political organisations have been at pains to spread the news of the results with the greatest possible speed and adroitness. At all the chief centres, the Carlton, the Reform, the Constitution, and the National Liberal, the results were reeled off from specially constructed machines, and pasted or printed so that the members could get instant sight of them. The most elaborate of all the machinery was that introduced at the National Liberal Club. In the great smoking-room, which can hold several hundred members, a kind of rude platform was erected with a tape machine, supplied by the Exchange Telegraph Company, fixed at one end and backed by a huge board hung with printed forms giving the names and political complexions of the candidates. As soon as a result arrived it was read out by the secretary, then the figures were slipped into a printed form and hung on to the great board in the background; a red disc was also attached to signify a Liberal victory—a black disc denoting a Conservative gain. As soon as a result was ticked off on the machine a messenger ran with it to the outer terrace. Here a magic lantern was fixed, and the figures were instantly thrown on a white sheet, and thus, as it were, telegraphed to the waiting throng below. At the *Daily News* office the pictorial effect was carried a little further. Portraits of Mr. Gladstone, Lord Salisbury, Mr. Morley, Mr. Balfour, Sir William Harcourt, and other party leaders were thrown on the screen in the intervals of waiting for results, and received with cheers or groans according to the temper of the crowd below. During the first week, when the borough returns were coming in and all the countings were done at night, the scene at the National Liberal Club was one of sustained excitement. The great room was packed with politicians, now wildly jubilant at the prospect of a great party victory, and now, again, depressed beyond measure by signs of the slackening in the flow of the



LORD SOUTHAMPTON.



LADY SOUTHAMPTON (LADY HILDA DUNDAS).

an alarming one to the highly salaried actor, but he must look the situation fairly and squarely in the face. It is the old story of demand and supply. Which is best, to ticket yourself as a £20 a-week man, or £1000 a year, which may or may not come in for a few weeks, or to take a steady £10 a week, or £500 for a year? There are certain theatres, no doubt, of the first importance where the present high prices can fairly be maintained. But they may be counted on one hand. How much better, as a rule, to put down the present box-office prices to a much lower figure, and to raise them in the case of an exceptional success or a rush. The pulse of the public is easily felt. When a play is talked about in London the public are bound to see it, cost what it may. They will pay anything to get in front. But what they object to is to pay a very high price for what, as a rule, is an extremely indifferent article. Fearing to lower the prices, and hating to stand self-condemned, the luckless manager resorts to the order system to conceal his defeat. He might just as well fill his library with dummy books and pretend he was a scholar. When bogus reputations are kept up by sheaves of free orders, collapse is a matter of certainty. The public are no fools. They are not likely to give honest money for the entertainment that they can get for nothing if they only wait for it. It is perfectly true that a man or woman who has a few thousand pounds to throw into the gutter in order to advertise his vanity or her charm does, to a certain extent, provide for the artist out of work or for the author anxious to distinguish himself; but at the same time the spendthrift manager and the trial matinée are the worst possible friends to the ordinary steady-going theatrical trader. For the spending of so many thousands of capital on which no interest is expected means the spreading of the order system to a disastrous extent. The house is always full, but with what?—paper. The lie is given to such as doubt the commercial solidity of the show, but when the thousands are gone, crack goes the enterprise! It is distinctly fair to point to Mr. Bancroft as the most successful commercial and artistic manager of modern times. Occasionally he gave enormous salaries. Very often he mounted plays at a lavish and, as some thought, a very unnecessary cost; but he knew what he was about. He traded in a businesslike manner, and I don't suppose ever issued an "order" in his life, except to

St. Patrick's Cathedral—that of Lady Hilda Mary Dundas, elder daughter of the Earl of Zetland, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, to Lord Southampton, who is twenty-five years of age, the bride somewhat younger. His lordship is Charles Henry Fitzroy, Baron Southampton, Lieutenant in the 10th Hussars. He succeeded his father in the peerage when he was but five years of age, and is the fortunate inheritor of most valuable estates in north-west London, extending a long way from the west side of Tottenham Court Road up to Camden Town and Highgate Road. The Fitzroy family, on whom this peerage was conferred in 1780, is a branch of that of the Duke of Grafton, the well-known Prime Minister of King George III. in 1763, who was a descendant of Barbara, Duchess of Cleveland, by her connection with King Charles II.

THE DISASTER ON THE LAKE OF GENEVA.

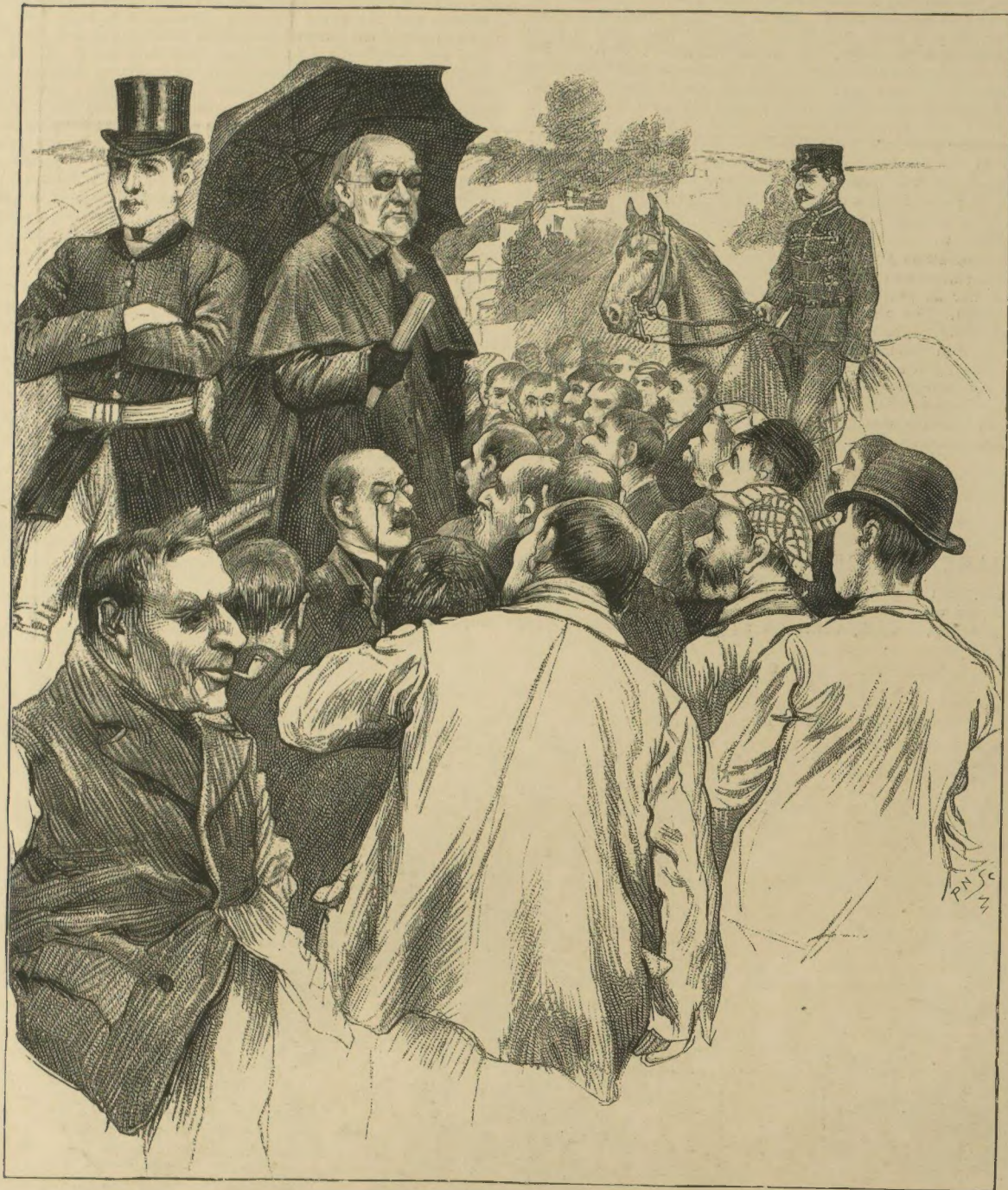
A boiler explosion on board a large paddle-steamer, the *Mont Blanc*, on the Lake of Geneva, has caused the death of nearly thirty persons in the most frightful manner. About noon on Saturday, July 9, this steamer, on her usual trip up the lake from Geneva, was landing passengers, mostly excursionists, at Ouchy, the station for Lausanne. The steam cistern or reservoir, connected with the two boilers, directly above the boilers, suddenly blew up; and its top, measuring 6 ft. in diameter, was hurled along the interior of the first-class saloon, immediately adjoining on the same level; it pierced the stern of the vessel, and fell into the lake. The saloon, in which about thirty ladies and children were taking their luncheon, was filled with hot water and volumes of steam, by which most of them were scalded to death, eight dying almost instantly, and sixteen others while being carried to the hospital at Lausanne, or soon after their reception there. Three were English ladies, Mrs. and the Misses Nelly and Eva Abbott, of Brighton, on their way to Montreux; another, Madame D'Humières, of Thonon, had been Miss Kelly. Ten were French, seven were Swiss four Dutch, and two Italian. Those who lived a short time after the accident must have suffered extreme torments from the scalding. The dead bodies were horribly disfigured. It is said that the boilers were leaky, and there was a crack in the cistern.

Gladstonian tide. Crowds of politicians, journalists, members, and what-not eagerly discussed the moral of a return, the prospects of a Liberal Government, the attitude of the Labour party, the balance of power as between Parnellites and Anti-Parnellites, and Lord Salisbury's action in the event of Mr. Gladstone obtaining a clear majority. About midnight the debate would be at its height, and the close air, thick with tobacco smoke, the eager faces, and the occasional bursts of wild cheering made up a blend of sights and sounds that it was not easy to forget. Outside the crowd sang songs, and were even more tumultuous in their excitement.

AT SULTAN AHMED'S FOUNTAIN.

The reproach most frequently brought against the authorities in charge of the Salon in the Champs Elysées is that it shows but scant hospitality to foreigners. The exception made in favour of Herr Ernst is doubtless due to the finished excellence of his work. Here in England we are, to a great extent, familiar with the clever brushwork of the modern Austrian artists who find inspiration in Cairo and Constantinople. Among these Herr Ernst holds a high place, and he has found in Sultan Ahmed's Fountain—one of the sights of Stamboul—a subject worthy of his skill. None of the buildings at Constantinople can boast of the antiquity which those of Cairo claim, but the architects who followed in the train of the conquering Ottoman Turks were not slow in adapting Greek art to the exigencies of their faith. The mass of coloured marbles and delicate arabesques with which the Ahmed Fountain is decorated renders it one of the sights of the City of the Faithful, but its exquisite tracery has presented so many difficulties to the painter that few have ventured to cope with the subject. The reproduction of Herr Ernst's work, which we have given, is a sufficient testimony to the skill he has brought to bear in treating this gem of Turkish art—in which a lavish use of Saracenic details is carried to the utmost extreme—and it is only to be regretted that we have been unable to convey some idea of the rich, and at the same time harmonious, colouring which gives a special value to the picture.

THE GENERAL ELECTION: MR. GLADSTONE IN MIDLOTHIAN.



MR. GLADSTONE RECEIVING AN ADDRESS AT PATH-HEAD.

For two long weeks the tide of electoral battle has been rolling to and fro. On the whole, it has gone steadily, though not brilliantly, for Mr. Gladstone. He has won seats both in the counties and in the boroughs, and is in a fair way to obtain a small majority. He has not, however, obtained anything like a reversion to the results in 1885, when, counting the Irish vote, he was placed in a majority of 168 votes over the Conservatives alone. Now it seems probable that, as between Conservatives and Liberals, the former will have a slight advantage, the balance in Mr. Gladstone's favour being created by the Labour and Irish sections. So far as the English boroughs are concerned, he is in a definite minority, though in Wales he has won a seat, and also one in Scotland, after balancing all losses. Here, for instance, is a comparison between the two polls for the English and Welsh boroughs—

			L	C	U	N
1885	120	116	—	1
1892	102	121	13	1

But he has certainly improved his position significantly, when compared with 1886. To have wiped out a hostile majority of 114 votes is no small achievement.

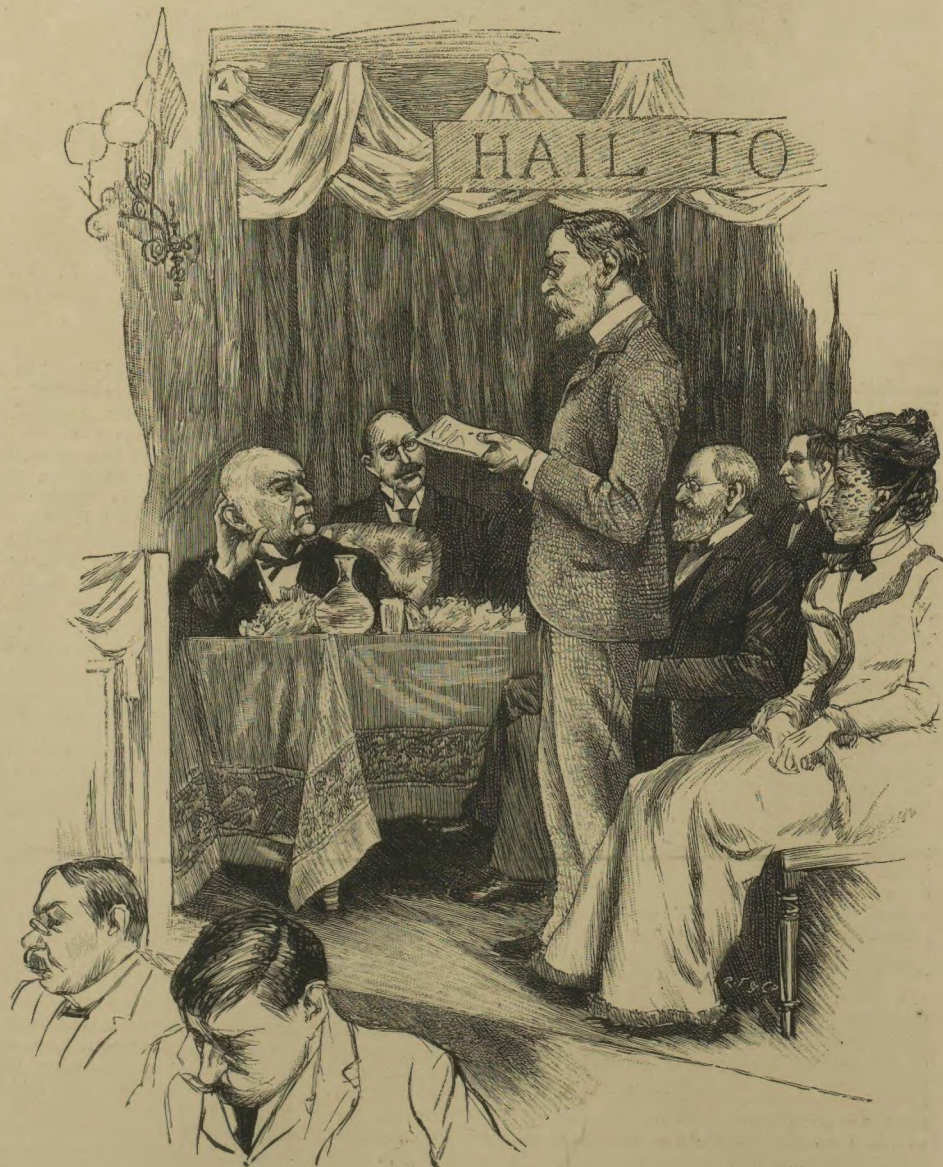


MR. AND MRS. GLADSTONE AT GOREBRIDGE.

It is true that this majority had dwindled down to sixty-eight at the time of the Dissolution, but this has also disappeared, and a balance is being heaped up on the other side. The most remarkable of these victories have, perhaps, come from London. In 1886 London was only represented by eleven Liberals; to-day it has twenty-five, precisely the same number as it boasted in 1885. In London, too, has been achieved the most striking personal triumph of the Gladstonians. Mr. Ritchie, the President of the Local Government Board, has been thrown out, by a singular irony of fate, by Mr. Benn, the Progressive Whip in the County Council, which his opponent brought into being. Curiously enough, his subordinate, Mr. Walter Long, has been defeated in the Devizes division of Wilts, so that at the present moment that great department of State is absolutely unrepresented in the House of Commons.

On the whole, however, the most signal disasters have been reserved for the Liberal-Unionist section of the supporters of the Government. Sir Thomas Sutherland has apparently been thrown out in Greenock, Mr. Barclay has gone in Forfarshire, Mr. Richard Chamberlain has lost his seat in West Islington to Mr. Thomas Lough, Sir Henry Havelock-Allan's flamboyant figure has also disappeared, and Mr. Fitzwilliam has failed to retain the Doncaster seat he won at a bye-election, and Mr. Henegge, a Privy Councillor, who sat continuously on the Front Opposition bench during the late Parliament, has been defeated at Grimsby. On the other hand, a conspicuous triumph has been enjoyed by Mr. Chamberlain. He has retained his position and that of all his colleagues in Birmingham by greatly increased majorities, has held the Gladstonian candidates at bay in nearly all the neighbouring boroughs and counties, and has even wrested from Mr. Gladstone old Liberal boroughs of the type of Wednesbury and Walsall. These are notable results, and they help to make Mr. Chamberlain one of the very strongest figures in the new Parliament. After Mr. Chamberlain's success comes Mr. Morley's failure in Newcastle. Mr. Hamond, a popular local Conservative, was at the head of the poll with a majority of 3000; Mr. Morley came next, and his colleague, Mr. Craig, was defeated. Mr. Morley's reverse is due to the combination of Mr. Cowen's influence and the Labour vote, which was cast for the Conservative and especially directed against Mr. Morley.

Another conspicuous feature of the election has been the prominence of the Labour question and the victories of the New Unionists. Three definite leaders of the Labour movement, which practically began with the London Dock strike, have fought their way into the House, in most cases without the sanction of the Gladstonian authorities. These are Mr. John Burns (Battersea), who has been carried in for his native place by a majority of nearly 1600 votes; Mr. Keir Hardie, an Ayrshire ex-miner, who represents the great East-End industrial constituency of South West Ham; and Mr. Wilson (Middlesbrough), the leading spirit in the Sailors' and Firemen's Union, who, after a few days' canvass, snatched a seat both from the Unionist and from Mr. Robson,



MR. USHER HECKLES MR. GLADSTONE AT CORSTORPHINE.

THE GENERAL ELECTION: MR. GLADSTONE IN MIDLOTHIAN.



MR. GLADSTONE AT DALKEITH: "FOR HE'S A JOLLY GOOD FELLOW!"

the regular Liberal candidate. To them has been added Mr. Woods, of the Lancashire Miners' Federation, who is one of the leading supporters of the Eight Hours Bill. All these men have ability, power of organisation, and gifts of speech of no ordinary character. They are Home Rulers, but the support they extend to Mr. Gladstone is of an independent kind.

Mr. Gladstone's Midlothian tour has been marked by all his old vigour and eloquence, but it has, perhaps, attracted less attention than any other of his electoral achievements in Scotland. In Scotland the Home Rule controversy has been a trifle obscured by Disestablishment, and the whole power of the Kirk has for the most part been used against the Liberal candidates. The Midlothian tour began practically with the election, and perhaps the best speech in it was the opening one, with its fine concluding metaphor, in which the late and probably the coming Prime Minister compared Home Rule to the twin constellation of Castor and Pollux, which gave light to the distressed mariner and guided him safely to port. The remainder of the tour was chiefly given up to long rides among the scattered constituency, and to shorter speeches to the miners and farmers and other sections of the division. A certain pretty and patriarchal character has been given to these visits by the villagers scrambling for flowers as mementoes of their distinguished member. At one place a serious attempt was made to heckle Mr. Gladstone by a local Conservative brewer,

who put some puzzling questions and succeeded in slightly ruffling Mr. Gladstone's temper. His opponent, Colonel Don Wauchope, is an extremely strong man—the strongest candidate who could well have been brought against Mr. Gladstone. He belongs to an old territorial family, coming originally from Spain, but identified with Midlothian almost since the days of the Conquest. He is a great landowner and a popular one, and the Irish question has nowhere played a more conspicuous part. The poll closed on the Twelfth of July, and showed a majority for Mr.

Gladstone of 673, as against 4631 in 1885. There was no contest in 1886.

As to the issues of the fight—one of the most stubbornly contested of the century—the general opinion is that Mr. Gladstone will be able to take office, though on a somewhat precarious tenure. Whether he will be strong enough to propose and carry a Home Rule Bill is, of course, another question.

PERSONAL.

Few names of Parliamentary and Ministerial personages, not ranking among the influential statesmen and party-leaders of England,



THE LATE LORD WINMARLEIGH.

were more frequently mentioned, when the now elderly folk were young, than that of Mr. John Wilson-Patten, M.P. for North Lancashire, and previously for the county of Lancaster, during forty-four years, from 1830 to 1874. Since he became Lord Winmarleigh, this veteran member of the old Conservative Party, one of those who might be considered political disciples of Sir Robert Peel, and whose steadfast consistency, without unreasonable aversion to needful changes, made his support valuable to the Governments of the late Lord Derby and Mr. Disraeli, has taken little active part in such affairs. He has died at the age of ninety. Though never a very effective debater in the House of Commons, his opinions were always heard with respect. He twice held office, as Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster in 1867, and, for three months in the next year, as Chief Secretary for Ireland. The Patten family, originally of Essex, is of very ancient date, but one branch of it settled in Lancashire in the reign of Henry VIII.; their descendant, in the last century, assumed the additional name of Wilson at the request of the eminent Bishop Wilson of Sodor and Man.

Sir William Henry Salt, who died recently at his beautiful Leicestershire residence, Maplewell, near Loughborough, was the second holder of the baronetcy, which was bestowed in 1869 on the late Sir Titus Salt, who was the founder of the model town of Saltaire, invented alpaca, and made an enormous fortune as a manufacturer. Sir William, who was in his sixty-first year, is succeeded in the title by his only son, Shirley Harris, who is five-and-thirty, and a barrister.

One of the oldest officers in the British Army is the venerable Field-Marshal Lord William Paulet, who a few days ago attained the patriarchal age of eighty-eight. Lord William is the fourth son of the thirteenth Marquis of Winchester. The marquise of the Paulets, who are an ancient Somersetshire family, is the oldest in the kingdom, and was created in 1551 in favour of Sir William Paulet, who held important offices of State through the reigns of Henry VIII., Edward VI., Mary, and Elizabeth. It was this statesman who made the historic remark that it was by "being a willow and not an oak" that he had preserved the favour of four such different monarchs. Lord William is a veteran who greatly distinguished himself in the Crimean War, and was present at the Alma, at Balaklava, Inkerman, and Sebastopol, and was Adjutant-General to the Forces from 1865 to 1870. Lord William has never married.

In 1883 Canon the Hon. A. J. R. Anson, the popular rector of Woolwich, resigned his living in order to take up missionary work in the Far West. In 1884 he was consecrated Bishop of Qu' Appelle. To the great grief of his people, Bishop Anson now feels it imperative to resign his see. Eight years of hard work have seen a ministry, a parochial system, and a diocesan college—in fact, all the apparatus of a church organised where it had been practically non-existent. Now the man who did this feels that younger and stronger hands are needed to carry on the task. The retiring Bishop, who is a son of the first Earl of Lichfield, was born in 1840, and educated at Eton and Christ Church. Before going to Woolwich he worked with success at Wolverhampton, Bilston, Birmingham, and Sedgely.

The Tercentenary Festival of the foundation of Trinity College, Dublin, of which something was said last week, proceeded

THE REV. JOSEPH CARSON, D.D.,
Vice-Provost of Trinity College, Dublin.

not only most agreeably, but also brilliantly, to its conclusion on Saturday, July 9. It brought to the front many distinguished personalities, well known in the world of learning, besides the Provost, Vice-Provost, and Professors of that worthy College. Among these, we regret to have failed, by accident, in giving the portrait of one, the Rev. Joseph Carson, D.D., Vice-Provost, in our former publication. One portrait was mistaken for another, and the Rev. H. W. Carson, a relative of the Vice-Provost, was given in his stead; but we now make amends by presenting the authentic portrait of Dr. Carson, who, on Thursday, July 7, in the Leinster Hall, performed the duty of introducing the numerous delegates of the English, Scottish, Colonial, Indian, American, German, French, Dutch, Italian, Swiss, and other Universities. The Chancellor of the Dublin University, Lord Rosse, presided over the grand assembly, at which Lord Dufferin and Lord Londonderry were present, and which was, perhaps, to the general public, the most interesting event in the whole series of these proceedings.

The list of speakers for the Folkestone Church Congress promises to be one of marked interest. The Archbishop of Canterbury will preside, and there is reason to expect an

address of more than common importance from his grace. Of the prelates who will assist, there are the High Church Bishop of Salisbury, the Low Church Bishop of Exeter, and the Broad Church Bishop of Manchester. This is comprehensive—and discreet. Furthermore, Bishop Barry will be there, who knows the great Australian Colonies; and the Bishop of Gibraltar will be there, who watches the scattered English congregations in Southern Europe. The Bishop of Edinburgh will represent Episcopacy in Scotland, and Bishop Smythies will appear for the mission field; law has Lord Herschell; arms, Sir J. Lintorn Simmons; literature, Mr. R. H. Hutton; and ecclesiastical officialdom, Mr. Chancellor Dibdin. The list is not yet, however, complete.

"May I, as an Anglo-Canadian who knew the late Premier of British Columbia," writes a correspondent, "thank you for the excellent portrait of him in your last issue? British Columbia is, of course, only one of the seven provinces of the Dominion, but her Premier was a man of a distinctly superior stamp, who was fitted for something better than parochial politics, and it is peculiarly sad to think that his death came just when he was about to see realised the hope of his later life—a sturdy British community established on Vancouver Island, to advance Canada's prosperity and give the Empire a new bulwark on the Pacific coast. Colonists in Canada and throughout the Queen's dominions will feel grateful to Archdeacon Farrar for the recognition of Mr. Robson's worth, which was implied in the memorial service in St. Margaret's, the parish church, as it has been called, of the British House of Commons. It is by such kindly actions that the bonds uniting us with the Colonies are strengthened beyond all chance of snapping."

There will be general rejoicing over Mr. Alfred Milner's appointment to succeed Sir Stafford Northcote as Chairman of the Board of Revenue. Mr. Milner is undoubtedly one of the most accomplished of the younger race of English diplomatists. His Oxford career was, perhaps, the most brilliant of his day. A scholar of Balliol, a fellow of New, President of the Union, and probably the best First Class of his year, Mr. Milner left behind him an impression of intellectual distinction which he has, if possible, bettered since he entered politics and diplomacy. He fought the Harrow division of Middlesex in 1885 rather as a pupil and intimate of Mr. Goschen, and the attachment

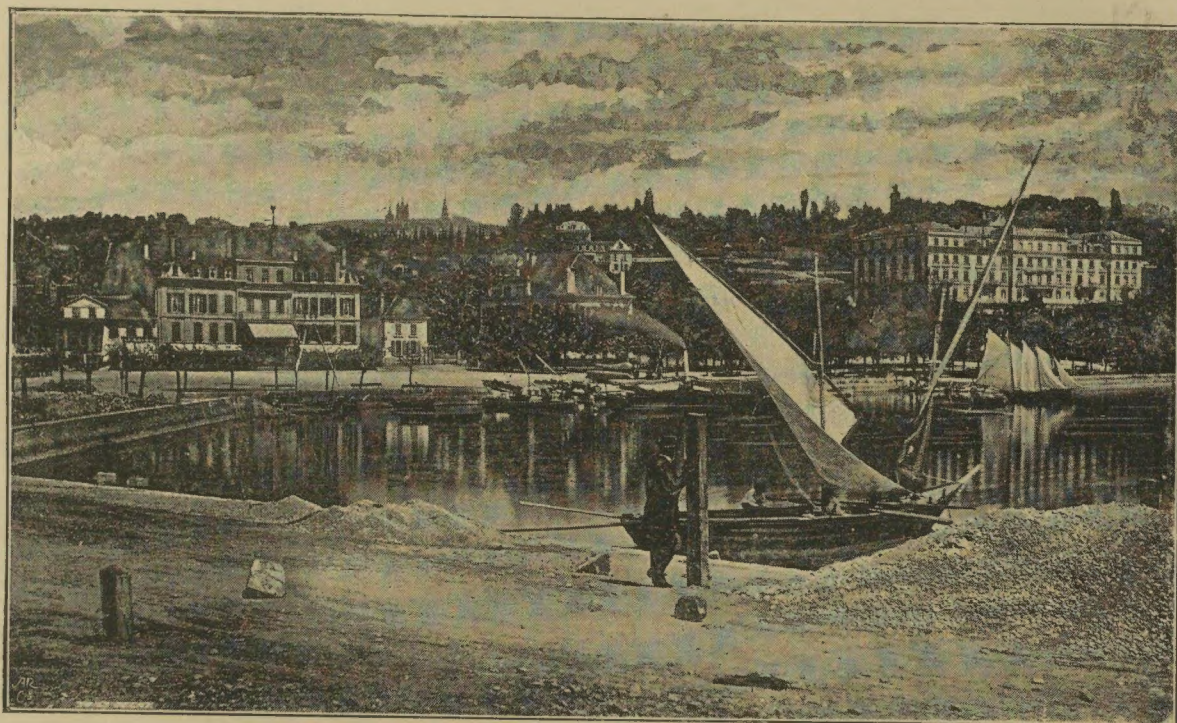
LONDON AND BAYREUTH.

AN OPEN LETTER ON THE "WALKÜRE."

BY THE REV. H. R. HAWES.

Those who remember the ludicrous parodies of the Wagner tetralogy presented in London some years ago as examples of the magical work which at Bayreuth had turned the head of musical Europe and revolutionised German opera could little have imagined that in 1892 Sir Augustus Harris would have been able to put on the London stage the "Ring of the Niebelung" in a manner fit almost to challenge the Bayreuth performances. At last Wagner, in his most exacting moods, is heard in England, and if people will sit patiently and reverently—ay, positively entranced—in a crowded house for five hours at a stretch to hear the "Walküre," or "Siegfried," or "Götterdämmerung," it is quite possible that even "Parsifal" may be produced without desecration under the same lavish and scrupulously conscientious management. Still, when all is said and done, there never will nor can be quite such performances as those first representations at Bayreuth, which took place in the presence of Wagner and Liszt, and the old Emperor of Germany and the wild King Ludwig of Bavaria, with Hans Richter as conductor, and Wilhelmj as leader of the violins. The fields are not quite the same when the dazzle of the morning dew is dry and the sun has climbed the meridian. Wagner, Emperor, King, Liszt are dead; the actors are changed; other able men and women fill the stage and orchestra; the artists trained under the eye of the great master are rapidly passing—some dead, others already worn out and inefficient. There was something in the hush of that dim expectant crowd (in the Bayreuth Theatre on the hill beyond the city), that dispersed between each act to meet Liszt and the kings of art, literature, and music in the pine woods outside, amid lager beer, vile German cheroots, and black coffee; and reassembled, silent and hushed, again in the darkened theatre in front of the glowing stage—such an unfolding of a new artistic revelation for the first time beneath the immediate auspices of the creator—that psychological moment comes not again.

Nearly two decades have passed; we are in the days of '92, and in the reign of Sir Augustus Harris. Will it be impertinent for me, fresh from the splendid presentation of the "Walküre" at Drury Lane, to recall in a vein of no unfriendly



OUCHY, ON LAKE GENEVA, THE SCENE OF THE STEAM-BOAT DISASTER.

See "Our Illustrations."

criticism certain points of variation between the early performances of the "Walküre" under Wagner and Richter at Bayreuth and the "Walküre" under Augustus Harris and Herr Mahler in London? I trust not.

First, the woodland hut of Hunding, the fierce hunter, into which the exhausted Siegmund staggers, is overlighted at Drury Lane by the log fire; the tar glare destroys the repose of the scene, and puts one's eyes out. Far more effective were the dull smouldering embers of the belated fire on the Bayreuth hearth.

Secondly, in that indescribably solemn scene when Brunhild the Walküre appears to Siegmund and tells him that he is to die in the approaching fight. On the London stage the hero receives her seated, and hears her message while supporting the head of the unconscious Sieglinde on his lap. At Bayreuth Siegmund rises at the divine apparition, after tenderly laying Sieglinde on a bank, and confronts the Walküre standing, which is infinitely more impressive.

Thirdly, in the great closing duet between Wotan and the disobedient but heart-broken Brunhild, at Bayreuth, the stage steadily but very slowly darkens, the red sun at last sinks beyond the purple hills; one long streak lingers in the west, but that, too, at last dies out as Brunhild's head sinks upon her father's breast, and taking her in his arms he lays her on the rock in almost total darkness. The effect after this prolonged gloom of the breaking-out of the crimson flame is overpowering. The fire comes not here and there in fitful flame-gusts, but with a hissing rush it creeps round the back of the rock, and then, with an appalling scenic audacity to which Wagner alone seems equal, it creeps round in front of the footlights till a curtain of crimson, hissing flame is hurled up to the ceiling, behind which, to the sound of silver bells and harps, the Walküre sleeps the fateful sleep from which Siegfried will by-and-by alone be able to awaken her by breaking through the wall of fire. That the contrivance for spurts of flame and a red smoky atmosphere at Drury Lane is no match for the resources of the Bayreuth stage in this last truly overpowering spectacle must be admitted; to the end, on the English stage, the sleeping Walküre is never concealed by a sheet of fire.

How soon are great traditions lost! How valuable they are sometimes! It is because the traditions of the original Bayreuth performances are like their creators and actors—already becoming things of the past—that I have thought it worth while, with unfeigned gratitude and admiration, to lay these fugitive memorabilia at the feet of Sir Augustus and his admirably inspired chef and conductor, Herr Mahler.

OUR PORTRAITS.

For our portraits of the Parliamentary representatives given in this issue we are indebted to the courtesy of the following photographers: Messrs. Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.; Mr. Franz Baum, Old Bond Street, W.; Mr. Mendelssohn, Pembroke Crescent, W.; Messrs. Window and Grove, Baker Street, W.; the Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.; Mr. Salmon, Winchester; Mr. C. Smith, Lincoln; Messrs. Burton and Son, Leicester; Mr. J. Moll, Chatham; Mr. A. Coe, Bradford; Mr. Protheroe, Bristol; Mr. L. Sawyer, Newcastle; Messrs. Harrison and Son, Newcastle; Mr. Bennett Clark, Wolverhampton; Mr. Gowland, Lendal, York; Messrs. Robinson and Thompson, Birkenhead; and Messrs. Salmon and Son, Hampstead Road, N.W. Also to Mr. Van der Weide, Regent Street, for our portrait of Lord Southampton; to Messrs. Lafayette, of Dublin, for that of the Countess of Southampton; and to Mr. Thomson, Grosvenor Street, W., for that of the late Lord Winmarleigh.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

At the Queen's dinner party at Windsor Castle, on July 11, her Majesty's guests included their Royal Highnesses Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg and the Duchess of Albany, the Countess of Antrim (Lady in Waiting), the Russian Ambassador, the Austro-Hungarian Ambassador and Countess Deym, the Spanish Ambassador, the Duke and Duchess of Portland, the Marquis and Marchioness of Salisbury, and the Earl of Romney (Lord in Waiting).

The Queen will leave Windsor Castle on July 19 for the Isle of Wight.

The Marquis of Salisbury, on his return from Windsor, on July 12, drove to the Foreign Office, where he received M. Waddington, the French Ambassador, Count Deym, the Austrian Ambassador, and Count Metternich, German Chargé d'Affaires.

The Prince of Wales, attended by Sir F. Knollys and Captain Holford, arrived at Marlborough House on July 11 from Sandringham.

The General Election has proved the toughest political fight within living memory. The second day's polling in the boroughs was unfavourable to the Opposition, who made no headway, but on the third and fourth days they gained a good deal of ground. In London they have won altogether twelve seats, mainly owing to the great Radical rally in the southern and eastern divisions. The most conspicuous triumph was that of Mr. John Burns, who carried Battersea by a great majority. In St. George's-in-the-East, Mr. Ritchie lost his seat, the only Cabinet Minister who has had that ill fortune. In the most democratic constituencies of the Metropolis the Government have been badly beaten, and the Liberal Party now stands in London where it stood in 1885.

In the provincial boroughs the fight has been singularly chequered. The North of England, which was expected to yield large Liberal gains, has given the Unionists some of their chief successes. Mr. John Morley retained his seat at Newcastle, but he lost his colleague, Mr. Craig, and was nearly three thousand votes behind Mr. Alderman Hamond, the Conservative candidate, who headed the poll. This remarkable turn of events was due to the heavy labour vote cast against Mr. Morley, whose opposition to all legislation for shortening the hours of toil excited a very strong feeling in his constituency. In Lancashire the Liberal managers counted on winning ten seats, but except a gain of two seats in Oldham they had little to show for their predictions. In Manchester and Sheffield the Tory majorities were reduced—Mr. Balfour's in East Manchester by nearly one half—and in Salford the Liberals would have won a seat but for one of those splits which have proved very costly to them in these elections. In Leeds the Conservatives increased their majorities, and in Glasgow they kept two seats which would have gone the other way had the Radicals been united. Bradford showed one Liberal gain, and Bristol another, while Liverpool was overwhelmingly Tory, and a seat was won for the Unionists in Edinburgh.

In the south and west the Liberals were much more fortunate. Portsmouth and Devonport gave them two seats apiece. In Southampton they retained the seat won at a bye-election. In two of the county divisions of Devonshire they have won striking victories. The counties, indeed, have enabled Mr. Gladstone, after a conflict extending over eight days, to wipe out the Ministerial majority. The widely separated divisions of Mid-Oxfordshire and Cheshirefield brought the Liberal forces level with the Government, and a little later the returns from the Egremont Division of Cumberland and the Doncaster Division of Yorkshire gave Mr. Gladstone a majority of four. It cannot be said, however, that the counties have answered the Gladstonian expectations, for many which were Liberal in 1885 have not returned to the political faith of that year.

In Scotland there is no doubt that Mr. Gladstone's cause has been injured by the revolt of Liberals who are opposed to Disestablishment, and by the religious feeling arising out of the Protestant Convention in Belfast. The Liberal majorities in many Scotch constituencies have been materially reduced. At Perth a seat was lost by dissensions. On the other hand, so prominent a Unionist as Mr. Finlay has been turned out of Inverness, and another Liberal Unionist has gone to the wall in Forfarshire. In Ireland, the Nationalists have made havoc among the Parnellites, who are likely to cut a poor figure in the new Parliament. But the Unionists have won West Belfast, Derry City, Fermanagh, a seat in Dublin City, and another in the county. In Wales, the Liberals have maintained their ascendancy.

According to present calculations, Mr. Gladstone's majority in the new House will be about forty, and it is the sanguine belief of his opponents that he will be quite helpless. They think that his great age will incapacitate him for the arduous labours of office, and that his majority will be worn out by fruitless efforts to carry Home Rule. Mr. Gladstone shows no disposition to shrink from the remarkable task which awaits him, and he is already hinting that the earliest work of his Government will embrace several advanced measures besides Home Rule. One of the most significant features of the elections is the rise of the Labour party. Of Labour members, strictly so called, there may be no more than four in the House of Commons, but associated with them is a considerable band of Radicals, who undoubtedly represent a strong democratic feeling, especially in London. Whether Mr. Gladstone succeeds in carrying Home Rule or not, the chances are that he will accompany his Irish Bill in his first Session with a number of measures designed to strengthen his hold on the working classes. The various questions grouped under the comprehensive title of the London programme will be taken in hand. It is not believed, even on the Liberal side, that the new Parliament will last long, but it is hoped that Mr. Gladstone will be in a position to appeal to the country on a number of proposals which have either been carried into law or rejected by the House of Lords.

This week there is practically no news in England except electioneering. Everybody writes letters to the papers, which are unread save by the student of political eccentricities. Lord Grey has rushed into the epistolary fray to prove that Mr. Gladstone was a Protectionist until Sir Robert Peel declared for Free Trade. The value of this idea as a contribution to current politics is not manifest even on the assumption that Lord Grey is accurate. But, as might have been expected, Mr. Gladstone has produced a whole string of remote dates to confound his assailant. As far back as 1843, several years before the abolition of the Corn Laws, he was denounced in the House of Lords as a traitor to Protection.

Since the passing of the Corrupt Practices Act election petitions have been few and far between. It seems likely, however, that this General Election will be followed by a con-

siderable crop. A petition has already been lodged in Cork against the return of Mr. William O'Brien, on the ground of clerical intimidation, and the judges are likely to be occupied by several cases of the corrupt influence of beer. In spite of the intensity of party feeling, it is fair to say that the elections have in the main been conducted with exemplary good humour, and even in Ireland there has been comparatively little violence.

Professor Huxley has been appointed president of the association for promoting a Teaching University for London, and in a characteristic letter has described such a University as a seat of something worth learning, and not a place for the manufacture of degrees on mediæval principles. Evidently Professor Huxley desires to counteract the influence of Oxford and Cambridge by giving the new London University a strong scientific bias.

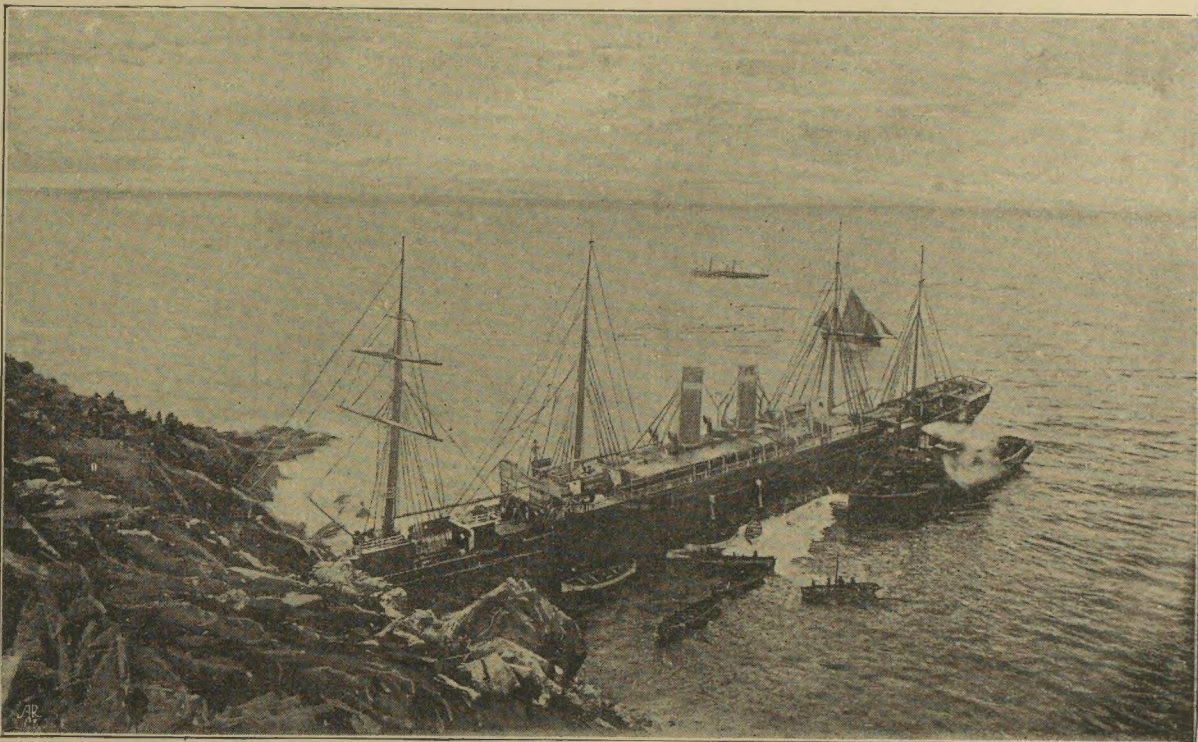
The Lord Mayor of London has opened a fund for the relief of the sufferers by the disastrous fire at St. John's, Newfoundland. The natives of that colony have some reason to be sore against the Home Government, but they cannot fail to appreciate the ready sympathy of the mother-country in this visitation which has befallen St. John's.

The polemical German gazette articles directed against Prince Bismarck by semi-official organs of the Emperor's Government continue to appear with no decided result. But the Ministerial source of their inspiration has been revealed by the official publication of two despatches, addressed by Count von Caprivi, the Chancellor, on May 23, in a circular to the imperial representatives at foreign Courts, and on June 9 to Prince Reuss, the Ambassador at Vienna. In the former instance, remarking that "Prince Bismarck has of late been expressing views concerning foreign policy which might involve the risk of regrettable misunderstandings," the Emperor and the Chancellor hope that foreign Governments "will not attach any importance to Prince Bismarck's views." In the despatch to Vienna, with reference to Prince Bismarck's visit to that capital, it is signified that he will not be allowed "to regain any influence over the conduct of public affairs." The Ambassador is further instructed, with the members of his staff, to avoid any invitation to Count Herbert Bismarck's wedding, and to hold no intercourse with Prince Bismarck except such as conventional forms of civility might require. This imperial condemnation is accompanied

the rocky channel of the Bon Nant, an Alpine mountain torrent which passes by St. Gervais-les-Bains. Four separate stone buildings of the hotel were instantly demolished by the flood, and few, if any, of the inmates could escape death. In the neighbouring hamlet of Le Fayet, also, forty or fifty persons are believed to have perished.

In the State of Idaho, at Cœur d'Alène, the dispute between the miners on strike and the non-union miners has occasioned a conflict with rifles, in which four men were killed and ten badly wounded, and the mill-house of the "San Francisco" mine was blown up with dynamite put into a railway car and sent down the track against the front of the building. This took place on July 11; the State Governor and the President have sent troops to restore order.

The exasperating dispute between labourers and capitalists in the Pittsburgh iron trade, in the American State of Pennsylvania, has occasioned fierce riots and armed conflict, with serious loss of life. This took place on July 6 at the Homestead ironworks, on the Monongahela River, belonging to Messrs. Carnegie and Co., a great firm, of which the principal, Mr. Andrew Carnegie, is personally well known in England and Scotland as a philanthropist, and as the donor of free libraries and other popular benefactions. Several thousands of the workmen had for some time been out on strike or lock-out, for a question of reduced wages; Mr. Frick, the resident manager and chairman of the company, refusing their demands. They procured rifles or muskets, and even a few pieces of cannon, and then built a fort of steel bars on the bank of the river, commanding the landing-place for barges from Pittsburgh, to prevent non-union men being brought to enter the works. The leader was a man named Hugh O'Donnell, with a committee of fifty to conduct these operations. The sheriff of Alleghany County, Mr. McLeary, at the request of Mr. Frick, intervened to preserve the peace; but in the meantime, without his authority, a band of two or three hundred armed men, mostly from New York, Philadelphia, and Chicago, called "police," and directed by a person named Pinkerton, had been brought down to subdue the workmen by force. The legality of their action seems more than questionable. They arrived in two barges, towed by a steam-tug up the river from Pittsburgh, attempted to force a landing, under command of Captain Hein, and were fired upon by thousands of the



THE STEAM-SHIP CHICAGO ON THE ROCKS AT THE OLD HEAD OF KINSALE.

by such phrases as "recognition of the great statesman's immortal services," and his Majesty's discrimination "between the Prince Bismarck of former times and the Prince Bismarck of to-day."

The French Republic has "attained its majority"—that is to say, has completed the twenty-first year of its existence, having lived, therefore, longer than any other system of French Government since the Revolution in the last century, either the Empire of Napoleon I., the restored Bourbon Monarchy, the Orleans Monarchy, or the Empire of Napoleon III. But President Carnot and the Ministry have been content to let this anniversary pass without any formal celebration, while everyone admits that the past season in the Parisian world has been one of the gayest and most brilliant that society can now remember. In the meantime, the Comte de Paris, whom Royalists would claim to style the King of France, has received a letter from Don Carlos, the Spanish Bourbon, denying his right, as head of the House of Orleans, to use the "fleurs de lis," the Bourbon arms, in his heraldic escutcheon; this makes the Parisians merry. The Bishop of Orleans has addressed a circular to the clergy of his diocese, ordering them to acquiesce in the Pope's command that they should henceforth show no hostility to the Republican Constitution.

In Bulgaria, the trial of a gang of political conspirators for the murder of M. Belcheff, and the attempt to murder the Prime Minister, M. Stambouloff, has occupied many days; one of the witnesses states that there was a plot also to assassinate Prince Ferdinand, on his journey by railway to meet his mother, Princess Clémentine of Orleans. The leader of the conspiracy was one Karaguloff, who told the others it would be better if the government of Bulgaria were in the hands of Russia. The Bulgarian gendarmes have done good service to Turkey by capturing, near the frontier, seven brigands, of the band of the famous Anastase, who last year stopped and robbed an express train on the railway, not far from Adrianople.

The village of St. Gervais, in Savoy, about forty miles from Geneva, near Sallanches, and twelve miles from Chamounix, has been almost entirely destroyed, with the large hotel and medicinal sulphur baths, frequented by many foreign visitors and tourists, and with the loss of at least 120 lives. This great disaster, which happened on Monday night, July 11, was caused by a sudden flood consequent on the falling away of the lower part of the Glacier de Bionnay from the side of Mont Blanc; the mass of released water thence rushing into

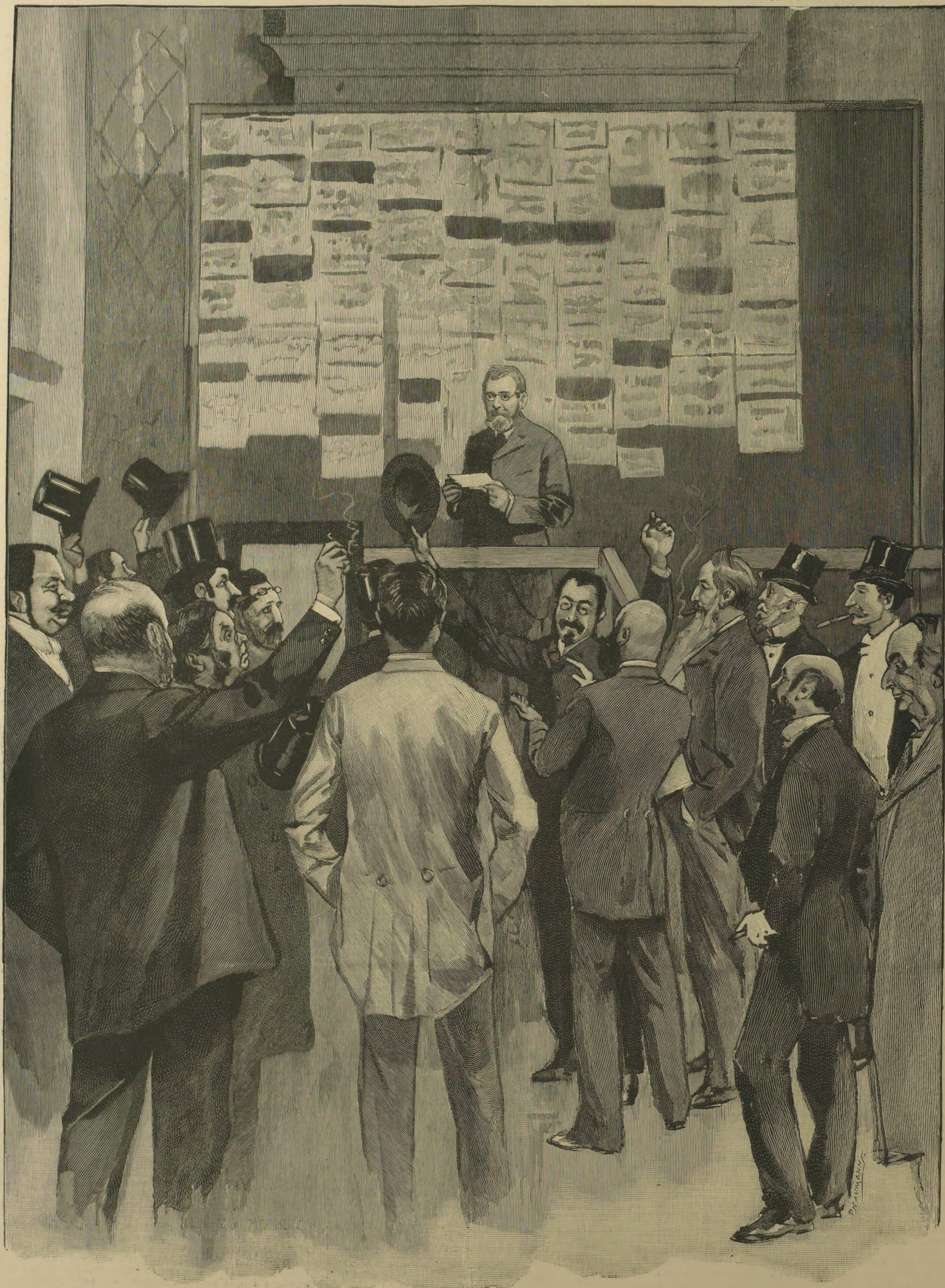
workmen. In this fight about a dozen men were killed and twenty wounded on each side. Pinkerton's men were defeated and all taken prisoners, then beaten, kicked, stoned, and otherwise maltreated, and the barges were burnt with petroleum oil. The Governor of the State has sent three brigades of militia to prevent further violence. It is expected that some men of both parties will be tried for murder.

The city of St. John's, the capital of Newfoundland, has been more than half destroyed by a terrible conflagration. The fire began on Friday afternoon, July 8, in a stable with wooden houses adjacent, in the eastern suburb, and was carried by a high wind into the centre of the town. In Water Street, the chief business thoroughfare, warehouses and factories, with stores of valuable merchandise, timber-yards and coal-yards, were quickly consumed. The Masonic Hall, St. Patrick's Hall, the fine English Cathedral, St. Andrew's Church, the Presbyterian and the Gower Methodist churches, the Court House, the Custom House, the Athenæum, the Orange Hall, the Atlantic Hotel, the Fever Hospital, the Savings Bank, several schools, the printing and newspaper offices, and many private houses were reduced to ruins. A steamer and some other vessels along the wharves were also burned. The fire raged sixteen hours; eight men and six children were burnt to death, six persons were drowned, and it is computed that ten thousand are rendered destitute and houseless. The destruction extends over two-thirds of the city, and the amount of damage is estimated at an immense sum of money. A subscription for the relief of the sufferers has been opened.

A hundred labourers, Chinamen all except three, were killed on Saturday, July 9, by an explosion of nitro-glycerine and of a gunpowder magazine at the Giant Powder Works, Hilands, at Berkeley, in California, near San Francisco.

WRECK OF THE STEAM-SHIP CHICAGO.

All hope of getting this ship off the rocks, at the Old Head of Kinsale, on the south coast of Ireland, had already been given up. On Thursday, July 7, it was found that the hull had broken amidships, with a terrific crash heard in the night, during a violent sea; the forepart was sticking fast in the rocks, and the stern part was aground on the reef at some yards' distance; the mainmast has gone overboard. The rough weather had prevented saving much of the cargo, which consists of provisions, meat, lard, grain, cheese, petroleum oil, and other American produce. The occurrence of this disaster, which took place in a dense fog on June 29, was related in our Journal.



THE GENERAL ELECTION: ANNOUNCING THE POLLS IN THE SMOKE-ROOM OF THE NATIONAL LIBERAL CLUB.

DRAWN BY PHIL MAY.



UMA; OR THE BEACH OF FALESÁ. (BEING THE NARRATIVE OF A SOUTH-SEA TRADER.)

By
ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

CHAPTER II. (Continued.)

"And now," said I, "what is all this about?"

"The truth is I can't rightly make it out myself. They have a down on you," says Case.

"Taboo a man because they have a down on him!" I cried. "I never heard the like."

"It's worse than that, you see," said Case. "You ain't tabooed—I told you that couldn't be. The people won't go near you, Wiltshire, and there's where it is."

"They won't go near me? What do you mean by that? Why won't they go near me?" I cried.

Case hesitated. "Seems they're frightened," says he in a low voice.

I stopped dead short. "Frightened?" I repeated. "Are you gone crazy, Case? What are they frightened of?"

"I wish I could make out," Case answered, shaking his head. "Appears like one of their tomfool superstitions. That's what I don't cotton to," he said. "It's like the business about Vigours."

"I'd like to know what you mean by that, and I'll trouble you to tell me," says I.

"Well, you know, Vigours lit out and left all standing," said he. "It was some superstition business—I never got the hang of it; but it began to look bad before the end."

"I've heard a different story about that," said I, "and I had better tell you so. I heard he ran away because of you."

"Oh! well, I suppose he was ashamed to tell the truth," says Case; "I guess he thought it silly. And it's a fact that I packed him off. 'What would you do, old man?' says he. 'Get,' says I, 'and not think twice about it.' I was the gladdest kind of man to see him clear away. It ain't my notion to turn my back on a mate when he's in a tight place, but there was that much trouble in the village that I couldn't see where it might likely end. I was a fool to be so much about with Vigours. They cast it up to me to-day. Didn't you hear Maca—that's the young chief, the big one—ripping out about 'Vika'? That was him they were after. They don't seem to forget it, somehow."

"This is all very well," said I, "but it don't tell me what's wrong; it don't tell me what they're afraid of—what their idea is."

"Well, I wish I knew," said Case. "I can't say fairer than that."

"You might have asked, I think," says I.

"And so I did," says he. "But you must have seen for yourself, unless you're blind, that the asking got the other way. I'll go as far as I dare for another white man; but when I find I'm in the scrape myself, I think first of my own bacon. The loss of me is I'm too good-natured. And I'll take the freedom of telling you you show a queer kind of gratitude to a man who's got into all this mess along of your affairs."

"There's a thing I am thinking of," said I. "You were a fool to be so much about with Vigours. One comfort, you haven't been much about with me. I notice you've never been inside my house. Own up now; you had word of this before?"

"It's a fact I haven't been," said he. "It was an oversight, and I am sorry for it, Wiltshire. But about coming now, I'll be quite plain."

"You mean you won't?" I asked.

"Awfully sorry, old man, but that's the size of it," says Case.

"In short, you're afraid?" says I.

won't go near you, that's all. And who's to make 'em? We traders have a lot of gall, I must say; we make these poor Kanakas take back their laws, and take up their taboos, and that whenever it happens to suit us. But you don't mean to say you expect a law obliging people to deal in your store whether they want to or not? You don't mean to tell me you've got the gall for that? And if you had, it would be a queer thing to propose to me. I would just like to point out to you, Wiltshire, that I'm a trader myself."

"I don't think I would talk of gall if I was you," said I. "Here's about what it comes to, as well as I can make out: None of the people are to trade with me, and they're all to trade with you."

You're to have the copra, and I'm to go to the devil and shake myself. And I don't know any native, and you're the only man here worth mention that speaks English, and you have the gall to up and hint to me my life's in danger, and all you've got to tell me is you don't know why!"

"Well, it is all I have to tell you," said he. "I don't know—I wish I did."

"And so you turn your back and leave me to myself! Is that the position?" says I.

"If you like to put it nasty," says he. "I don't put it so. I say merely, I'm going to keep clear of you; or, if I don't, I'll get in danger for myself."

"Well," says I, "you're a nice kind of a white man!"

"Oh, I understand; you're riled," said he. "I would be myself. I can make excuses."

"All right," I said, "go and make excuses somewhere else. Here's my way, there's yours!"

With that we parted, and I went straight home, in a

"In short, I'm afraid," says he.

"And I'm still to be tabooed for nothing?" I asked.

"I tell you you're not tabooed," said he.

"The Kanakas

hot temper, and found Uma trying on a lot of trade goods like a baby.

"Here," I said, "you quit that foolery! Here's a pretty mess to have made, as if I wasn't bothered enough anyway! And I thought I told you to get dinner!"

And then I believe I gave her a bit of the rough side of my tongue, as she deserved. She stood up at once, like a sentry to his officer; for I must say she was always well brought up, and had a great respect for whites.

"And now," says I, "you belong round here, you're bound to understand this. What am I tabooed for, anyway? Or, if I ain't tabooed, what makes the folks afraid of me?"

She stood and looked at me with eyes like saucers.

"You no savvy?" she gasps at last.

"No," said I. "How would you expect me to? We don't have any such craziness where I come from."

"Ese no tell you?" she asked again.

(Ese was the name the natives had for Case; it may mean foreign, or extraordinary, or it might mean a mummy apple; but most like it was only his own name misheard and put in a Kanaka spelling.)



"I'm no missionary nor missionary lover."

"Not much," said I.

"D—n Ese!" she cried.

You might think it funny to hear this Kanaka girl come out with a big swear. No such thing. There was no swearing in her—no, nor anger; she was beyond anger, and meant the word simple and serious. She stood there straight as she said it. I cannot justly say that ever I saw a woman look like that before or after, and it struck me mum. Then she made a kind of an obeisance, but it was the proudest kind, and threw her hands out open.

"I 'shamed," she said. "I think you savvy. Ese he tell me you savvy, he tell me you no mind, tell me you love me too much. Taboo belong me," she said, touching herself on the bosom, as she had done upon our wedding night. "Now I go 'way, taboo, he go 'way too. Then you get too much copra. You like more better, I think. Tofá, alii," says she in the native—"Farewell, chief!"

"Hold on!" I cried. "Don't be in such a hurry."

She looked at me sidelong with a smile. "You see, you get copra," said she, the same as you might offer candies to a child.

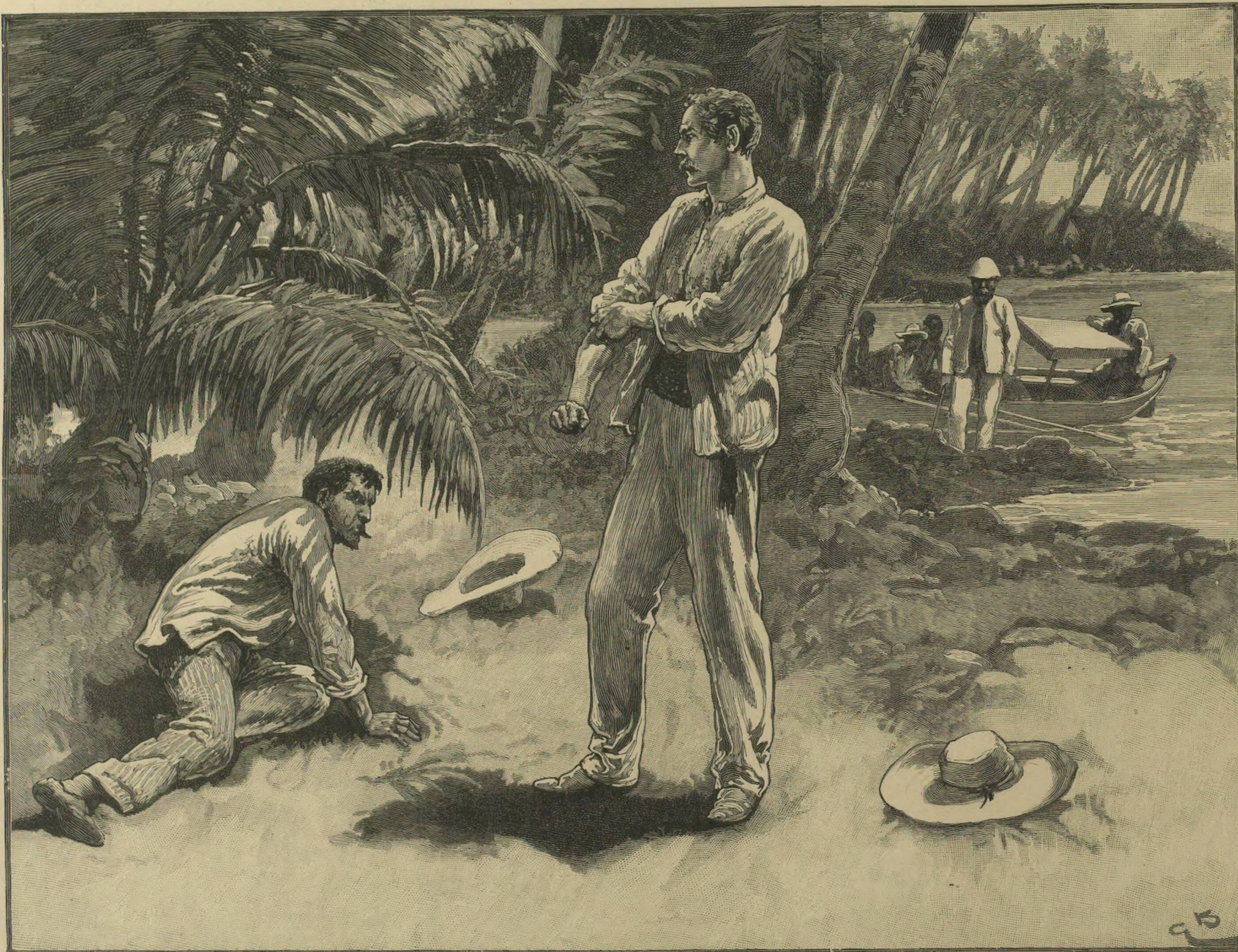
"Uma," said I, "hear reason. I didn't know, and that's a fact; and Case seems to have played it pretty mean upon

She threw her arms about me, sprang close up, and pressed her face to mine in the island way of kissing, so that I was all wetted with her tears, and my heart went out to her wholly. I never had anything so near me as this little brown bit of a girl. Many things went together, and all helped to turn my head. She was pretty enough to eat; it seemed she was my only friend in that queer place; I was ashamed that I had spoken rough to her; and she was a woman, and my wife, and a kind of a baby besides that I was sorry for; and the salt of her tears was in my mouth. And I forgot Case and the natives; and I forgot that I knew nothing of the story, or only remembered it to banish the remembrance; and I forgot that I was to get no copra, and so could make no livelihood; and I forgot my employers, and the strange kind of service I was doing them when I preferred my fancy to their business; and I forgot even that Uma was no true wife of mine, but just a maid beguiled, and that in a pretty shabby style. But that is to look too far on. I will come to that of it next.

It was late before we thought of getting dinner. The stove was out, and gone stone-cold; but we fired up after a while, and cooked each a dish, helping and hindering each other, and making a play of it like children. I was so greedy of her

skittles, for you never hear of them starving, and rarely see them sober, and as for steady sport, cock-fighting isn't in the same county with it. Anyway, this beachcomber carried the woman and her daughter all over the shop, but mostly to out-of-the-way islands, where there were no police, and he thought, perhaps, the soft job hung out. I've my own view of this old party; but I was just as glad he had kept Uma clear of Apia and Papeete and these flash towns. At last he struck Falealii on this island, got some trade—the Lord knows how!—muddled it all away in the usual style, and died worth next to nothing, bar a bit of land at Falesá that he had got for a bad debt, which was what put it in the minds of the mother and daughter to come there and live. It seems Case encouraged them all he could, and helped to get their house built. He was very kind those days, and gave Uma trade, and there is no doubt he had his eye on her from the beginning. However, they had scarce settled, when up turned a young man, a native, and wanted to marry her. He was a small chief, and had some fine mats and old songs in his family, and was "very pretty," Uma said; and, altogether, it was an extraordinary match for a penniless girl and an out-islander.

At the first word of this I got downright sick with jealousy.



"Have you had enough?" cries I.

the pair of us. But I do know now, and I don't mind; I love you too much. You no go 'way, you no leave me, I too much sorry."

"You no love me," she cried, "you talk me bad words!" And she threw herself in a corner of the floor, and began to cry.

Well, I'm no scholar, but I wasn't born yesterday, and I thought the worst of that trouble was over. However, there she lay—her back turned, her face to the wall—and shook with sobbing like a little child, so that her feet jumped with it. It's strange how it hits a man when he's in love; for there's no use mincing things: Kanaka and all, I was in love with her, or just as good. I tried to take her hand, but she would none of that. "Uma," I said, "there's no sense in carrying on like this. I want you stop here, I want my little wife, I tell you true."

"No tell me true," she sobbed.

"All right," says I, "I'll wait till you're through with this." And I sat right down beside her on the floor, and set to smooth her hair with my hand. At first she wriggled away when I touched her; then she seemed to notice me no more; then her sobs grew gradually less, and presently stopped; and the next thing I knew, she raised her face to mine.

"You tell me true? You like me stop?" she asked.

"Uma," I said, "I would rather have you than all the copra in the South Seas," which was a very big expression, and the strangest thing was that I meant it.

nearness that I sat down to dinner with my lass upon my knee, made sure of her with one hand and ate with the other. Ay, and more than that. She was the worst cook I suppose God made; the things she set her hand to it would have sickened an honest horse to eat of; yet I made my meal that day on Uma's cookery, and can never call to mind to have been better pleased.

I didn't pretend to myself, and I didn't pretend to her. I saw I was clean gone; and if she was to make a fool of me, she must. And I suppose it was this that set her talking, for now she made sure that we were friends. A lot she told me, sitting in my lap and eating my dish, as I ate hers, from foolery—a lot about herself and her mother and Case, all which would be very tedious, and fill sheets if I set it down in Beach de Mar, but which I must give a hint of in plain English, and one thing about myself, which had a very big effect on my concerns, as you are soon to hear.

It seems she was born in one of the Line Islands; had been only two or three years in these parts, where she had come with a white man, who was married to her mother and then died; and only the one year in Falesá. Before that they had been a good deal on the move, trekking about after the white man, who was one of those rolling stones that keep going round after a soft job. They talk about looking for gold at the end of a rainbow, but if a man wants an employment that'll last him till he dies let him start out on the soft-job hunt. There's meat and drink in it too, and beer and

"And you mean to say you would have married him?" I cried.

"Toe, yes," says she. "I like too much!"

"Well!" I said. "And suppose I had come round after?"

"I like you more better now," said she. "But, suppose I marry Ioane, I one good wife. I no common Kanaka. Good girl!" says she.

Well, I had to be pleased with that; but I promise you I didn't care about the business one little bit. And I liked the end of that yarn better than the beginning. For it seems this proposal of marriage was the start of all the trouble. It seems, before that, Uma and her mother had been looked down upon, of course, for kinless folk and out-islanders, but nothing to hurt; and, even when Ioane came forward, there was less trouble at first than might have been looked for. And then, all of a sudden, about six months before my coming, Ioane backed out and left that part of the island, and from that day to this Uma and her mother had found themselves alone. None called at their house—none spoke to them on the roads. If they went to church, the other women drew their mats away and left them in a clear place by themselves. It was a regular excommunication, like what you read of in the Middle Ages; and the cause or sense of it beyond guessing. It was some *talo pepelo*, Uma said, some lie, some calumny; and all she knew of it was that the girls who had been jealous of her luck with Ioane used to twit her

with his desertion, and cry out, when they met her alone in the woods, that she would never be married. "They tell me no man he marry me. He too much 'fraid,'" she said.

The only soul that came about them after this desertion was Master Case. Even he was chary of showing himself, and turned up mostly by night; and pretty soon he began to table his cards and make up to Uma. I was still sore about Ioane, and when Case turned up in the same line of business I cut up downright rough.

"Well," I said, sneering, "and I suppose you thought Case 'very pretty' and 'liked too much'?"

"Now you talk silly," said she. "White man, he come here, I marry him all-a-same Kanaka; very well then, he marry me all-e-same white woman. Suppose he no marry, he go 'way, woman he stop. All-e-same thief, empty hand, 'Tonga-heart—no can love! Now you come marry me. You big heart—you no 'shamed island girl. That thing I love you far too much. I proud."

I don't know that ever I felt sicker all the days of my life. I laid down my fork, and I put away "the island girl"; I didn't seem somehow to have any use for either, and I went and walked up and down in the house, and Uma followed me with her eyes, for she was troubled, and small wonder! But troubled was no word for it with me. I so wanted, and so feared, to make a clean breast of the sweep that I had been.

And just then there came a sound of singing out of the sea; it sprang up suddenly clear and near, as the boat turned the headland, and Uma, running to the window, cried out it was "Misi" come upon his rounds.

I thought it was a strange thing I should be glad to have a missionary; but, if it was strange, it was still true.

"Uma," said I, "you stop here in this room, and don't budge a foot out of it till I come back."

CHAPTER III.

THE MISSIONARY.

As I came out on the verandah, the mission-boat was shooting for the mouth of the river. She was a long whale-boat painted white; a bit of an awning astern; a native pastor crouched on the wedge of poop, steering; some four-and-twenty paddles flashing and dipping, true to the boat song; and the missionary under the awning, in his white clothes, reading in a book. It was pretty to see and hear; there's no smarter sight in the island than a missionary-boat with a good crew and a good pipe to them; and I considered it for half a minute, with a bit of envy perhaps, and then strolled down towards the river.

From the opposite side there was another man aiming for the same place, but he ran and got there first. It was Case; doubtless his idea was to keep me apart from the missionary, who might serve me as interpreter; but my mind was upon other things, I was thinking how he had jockeyed us about the marriage and tried his hand on Uma before; and at the sight of him rage flew into my nostrils.

"Get out of that, you low, swindling thief!" I cried.

"What's that you say?" says he.

I gave him the word again, and rammed it down with a good oath. "And if ever I catch you within six fathoms of my house," I cried, "I'll clap a bullet in your measly carcase."

"You must do as you like about your house," said he, "where I told you I have no thought of going. But this is a public place."

"It's a place where I have private business," said I. "I have no idea of a hound like you eavesdropping, and I give you notice to clear out."

"I don't take it, though," says Case.

"I'll show you, then," said I.

"We'll have to see about that," said he.

He was quick with his hands, but he had neither the height nor the weight, being a flimsy creature alongside a man like me, and, besides, I was blazing to that height of wrath that I could have bit into a chisel. I gave him first the one and then the other, so that I could hear his head rattle and crack, and he went down straight.

"Have you had enough?" cries I. But he only looked up white and blank, and the blood spread upon his face like wine upon a napkin. "Have you had enough?" I cried again. "Speak up, and don't lie malingering there, or I'll take my feet to you!"

He sat up at that, and held his head—by the look of him you could see it was spinning—and the blood poured on his pyjamas.

"I've had enough for this time," says he, and he got up staggering, and went off by the way that he had come.

The boat was close in; I saw the missionary had laid his book to one side, and I smiled to myself, "He'll know I'm a man, anyway," thinks I.

This was the first time, in all my years in the Pacific, I had ever exchanged two words with any missionary, let alone asked one for a favour. I didn't like the lot, no trader does; they look down upon us and make no concealment; and, besides, they're partly Kanakaised, and suck up with natives instead of with other white men like themselves. I had on a rig of clean, striped pyjamas; for, of course, I had dressed decent to go before the chiefs: but when I saw the missionary step out of this boat in the regular uniform, white duck clothes, pith helmet, white shirt and tie, and yellow boots to his feet, I could have bunged stones at him. As he came nearer, queering me pretty curious (because of the fight, I suppose), I saw he looked mortal sick, for the truth was he had a fever on and had just had a chill in the boat.

"Mr. Tarleton, I believe?" says I, for I had got his name.

"And you, I suppose, are the new trader?" says he.

"I want to tell you first that I don't hold with missions," I went on, "and that I think you and the likes of you do a sight of harm, filling up the natives with old wives' tales and bumpiousness."

"You are perfectly entitled to your opinions," says he, looking a bit ugly, "but I have no call to hear them."

"It so happens that you've got to hear them," I said. "I'm no missionary nor missionary lover; I'm no Kanaka nor favourer of Kanakas—I'm just a trader; I'm just a common, low, white man and British subject, the sort you would like to wipe your boots on. I hope that's plain!"

"Yes, my man," said he. "It's more plain than creditable. When you are sober you'll be sorry for this."

He tried to pass on, but I stopped him with my hand. The Kanakas were beginning to growl. Guess they didn't like my tone, for I spoke to that man as free as I would to you.

"Now, you can't say I've deceived you," said I, "and I can go on. I want a service—I want two services, in fact; and, if you care to give me them, I'll perhaps take more stock in what you call your Christianity."

He was silent for a moment. Then he smiled. "You are rather a strange sort of man," says he.

"I'm the sort of man God made me," says I. "I don't set up to be a gentleman," I said.

"I am not quite so sure," said he. "And what can I do for you, Mr. —?"

"Wiltshire," I says, "though I'm mostly called Welsher; but Wiltshire is the way it's spelt, if the people on the beach could only get their tongues about it. And what do I want? Well, I'll tell you the first thing. I'm what you call a sinner—what I call a sweep—and I want you to help me make it up to a person I've deceived."

He turned and spoke to his crew in the native. "And now I am at your service," said he, "but only for the time my crew are dining. I must be much farther down the coast before night. I was delayed at Papa-Mālūlū till this morning, and I have an engagement in Fale-alii to-morrow night."

I led the way to my house in silence, and rather pleased with myself for the way I had managed the talk, for I like a man to keep his self-respect.

"I was sorry to see you fighting," says he.

"Oh, that's part of the yarn I want to tell you," I said. "That's service number two. After you've heard it you'll let me know whether you're sorry or not."

(To be continued.)

THE GREEK LEADER AT HOME.

AN INTERVIEW WITH M. TRICOUPIS AT ATHENS.

I have just returned from Athens (writes a correspondent), where M. Tricoupis lives in the Academy Road, not far from the royal palace. Anyone will tell you which is the house, for the people of Athens are very proud of their leader, and just recently thronged to the door to make a demonstration after the declaration of the polls. At the numerous receptions given by M. Tricoupis, his sister acts as hostess, and before I had the privilege of seeing the greatest statesman in Greece I had the pleasure of conversing with Miss Sophia Tricoupis. She is in her social realm, no less interesting, and certainly no less fascinating, than her brother. She has been aptly called the "modern Madame Roland," such is the charm with which she sways her salon. Nearly every day, in the year peasants from the country and politicians from the city call on Miss Tricoupis, and every one enjoys the favour of five minutes' conversation with her.

Having ascended the uncarpeted staircase to the first floor, you enter what seems at first sight to be a garden. This is the salon. Lovely palms stand about the room, and on the tables are arranged banks of roses and arum lilies, emitting a beautiful scent. On the cabinets you see the portraits of each member of the royal family of Greece, with their autographs subscribed. From the walls look down the faces of Madame and M. Tricoupis, the parents of the statesman. M. Tricoupis was Greek Ambassador in London for some years, and from this fact much of the knowledge of and sympathy with England which distinguish Miss Tricoupis and her brother may be traced.

On the ground floor is the statesman's study, and there, surrounded with his books and papers, sat my host. M. Tricoupis has a firm mouth and a chin which shows determination. He is a good conversationalist, speaking as admirably in English and as rapidly as his sister. Of course, I wanted to know what he thought of Greek politics at the present time.

"What about this crisis, M. Tricoupis?"

"The crisis is over. It ended with the fall of the Ministry. The elections will decide; after that, we shall settle down quietly, and all excitement will depart."

"I suppose your debates resemble those which take place in our House of Commons, as to procedure?"

"Yes and no. They are like yours, except that there is not so much excitement during the delivery of the speeches. The greatest compliment which our best speakers can receive is the silence in which they are heard. We have no 'Hear, hear!' and none of that curious sound they call 'cheers' in the House of Commons. We Greeks are amused to read that 'Mr. Gladstone, on rising, was loudly cheered'; for no such demonstration greets our debaters when they address the Assembly."

"Have you any official reports of debates?"

"Oh, yes; they make a small library! Our method is to receive slips on which is written the report of the speech delivered on the same evening. The shorthand writer sends us his transcription before it is set up in type, so you can easily imagine how wearisome is the work of revising it, especially when you are in office. Besides, reading one's own

speeches is always dull. The official reports are paid for by the State, and not subsidised like your 'Hansard.' But our reports are not as good as 'Hansard,' and your 'Hansard' is not as excellently done, in my opinion, as the record of the French debates."

"Do your deputies render annual accounts of their stewardships to their constituents?"

"Well, we do not make such grand arrangements as you do in England. A deputy will leave Athens by rail, after receiving what you call a 'send-off' from sympathisers at the station. At various points in his journey he will make short speeches from the railway carriage. When his destination is reached, there will be an informal meeting in the open air, when he will prove that all he has done is right. These meetings do not last very long, because they are not held in a hall or a theatre, and one's voice will not stand the strain for long. At these meetings we have two, three, sometimes five thousand persons. For instance, I dare say you saw M. Delyannis the other day on his tour. He was bound for Tripolitza. I have just been reading his speech. We get fairly good reports of what you call 'provincial speeches.' In most cases, the newspapers in Athens send their shorthand writers to accompany the speakers on their tours."

"Ah, I see whence Mr. Gladstone has taken his system of railway speeches. Or, did you borrow the idea from him?"

"Our speeches are not like his, you know. His eloquence expects and receives constant acknowledgment from those who listen to him. I recollect how he looks round in the House of Commons, awaiting a response from his followers. I remember when he came to Greece, on his way from the Ionian Isles, where he had been acting as High Commissioner. We know Mr. Gladstone very well in Greece. Oh, yes; I read his speeches—not all, of course, but most of them. His vitality is wonderful."

"Do you manage, in your busy life, to keep an eye on our current literature, M. Tricoupis?"

"I read your splendid reviews—the *Contemporary*, the *Fortnightly*, and the *Nineteenth Century*. Ah, they are remarkable, but then your public is so large. There are so many millions of possible readers that you can pay your great men to write for you. I know your *Pall Mall Gazette* well, and also the *Times*. In the latter there have been articles on Greek politics. They were so just that the newspapers in Athens had nothing but praise for them. We welcome all these efforts rightly to understand us. Visitors come to us, and stay sometimes so short a time that their impressions are more amusing than correct. It is difficult to keep informed of all that is going on in the world. I saw the first number of Mr. Stead's *Review of Reviews*, and that seemed to give a bird's-eye view of the world's literature. Our Greeks do not produce very much literature, although they are advancing in this direction. You must remember that our readers are so few, and do not extend beyond our borders."

"Do you look forward to the time when English will be the universal language?"

"Yes, I think it quite possible that some day we shall all have to speak English. In Greece you find that the natives know a few English words where French is almost unknown."

At Ibraila, near the mouth of the Danube, the Roumanian Government has constructed large commercial docks, affording great accommodation to the Black Sea corn trade. They will be opened in November.

The public right of freely boating and sailing over Hickling Broad, in Norfolk, not restricted to a certain channel, was upheld by the decision of Mr. Justice Romer on July 7, in the Chancery Division of the High Court; but this judgment does not allow free shooting and fishing.

The Association to promote a Teaching University for London has obtained Professor Huxley for its president and Sir Henry Roscoe for vice-president. Its members include sixty-four Fellows of the Royal Society, thirty-four London professors and teachers, also Professors Max Müller, Sayce, Sweet, Morris, and Wright, from different Universities, and five members of the Senate of London University, with seven of its examiners. A large number of witnesses on its behalf will attend the inquiry by the Royal Commission.

The resolutions of the late International Sanitary Conference at Venice, on the measures to prevent Asiatic cholera entering Europe by the Suez Canal, only await ratification by the European Governments. They will allow ships from the Far East, free of cholera during the voyage, to pass without hindrance; but ships having had cholera on board, and having no doctor or disinfecting stove, will be detained in quarantine, landing their sick at the "Wells of Moses," where the sanitary station will maintain four European doctors and an isolating hospital, with stoves for disinfection.

The power of judges, under the Companies Winding-up Act of 1870, modified by the Act of 1890, to order the compulsory examination of any person concerned in promoting or forming a company, was the subject of a decision in the Court of Appeal on Friday, July 8. Mr. Justice North had made such an order against Mr. Frank Barnard, a subscriber for shares in the Great Kruger Gold Mining Company, and Mr. Justice Vaughan Williams had refused to discharge the order. The Judges of Appeal, Lords Justices Lindley, Lopes, and A. L. Smith, now heard the argument, which turned on what preceding steps had been taken by the Official Receiver under the winding-up order. Their lordships held that the order for compulsory public examination could not be made unless the Official Receiver had reported that, in his opinion, some fraud had been committed. This had not been done. The Court was empowered, however, under the Companies Act of 1862, to examine any officer of a company, or person known or suspected to have any estate or effects of the company in his possession, or to be indebted to the company. The order in this case was discharged.

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M. TRICOUPIS.

NEW MEMBERS OF THE NEW HOUSE OF COMMONS.



COLONEL L. V. LOYD (CHATHAM), C.

Born 1852, eldest son of the late Mr. W. Jones Loyd, Langleybury, Herts; educated at Eton; was in Grenadier Guards; Charlton Park, Warwickshire; director of L. and N.W. Railway. Polled 3777, against 3400.



MR. T. WRIGHTSON (STOCKTON-ON-TEES), C.

Born 1839, at Neasham Hall, Durham; firm of Head, Wrightson, and Co., Stockton, bridge builders; director of North-Eastern Steel Company, Middlesbrough, and Cramlington Colliery. Polled 4788, against 4477.



MR. W. CROSSFIELD (LINCOLN), G.

Born 1838, at Liverpool; deputy chairman of Mortgage Insurance Company, has been one of Liverpool City Council, and of Mersey Docks and Harbour Board. Polled 3410, against 3186.



MR. W. WHITELAW (PERTH), C.

Born 1868, son of Mr. A. W. Whitelaw, M.P., of Gartshore; educated at Harrow and Trinity College, Cambridge; Lieutenant in Lanarkshire Yeomanry Cavalry. Polled 1398, against 1171.



MR. H. R. GRAHAM (ST. PANCRAS, W.), C.

Born 1850; educated partly in Germany, and at Exeter College, Oxford; has travelled in North and South America, Australian and South African Colonies. Polled 2984, against 2942.



MR. T. S. LITTLE (WHITEHAVEN), G.

Born 1845, at Kilkenny; educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, senior in Law and History, Whewell Scholar; Civil Law prizeman, Inns of Court; practising barrister Northern Circuit. Polled 1306, against 1088.



MR. J. G. BUTCHER (YORK), C.

Born 1852, son of Bishop of Meath; educated at Marlborough and at Trinity College, Cambridge; Bell Scholar 1874, and Fellow; an Equity draughtsman and conveyancer. Polled 5076, against 5030.



SIR A. HICKMAN (WOLVERHAMPTON, W.), C.

Born 1830; ironmaster, Chairman of Staffordshire Steel and Ingot Iron Company, President of Wolverhampton Chamber of Commerce; knighted last year. Polled 4772, against 3556.



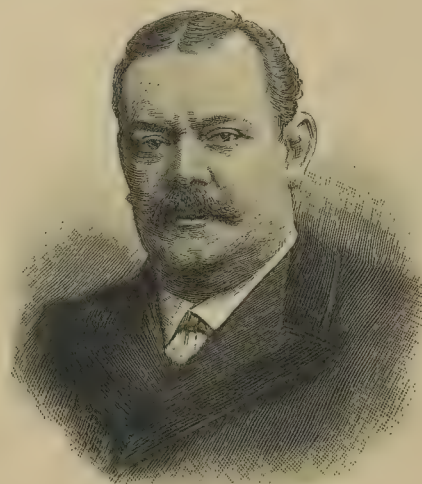
MR. B. L. COHEN (ISLINGTON, E.), C.

Born 1844; partner in firm of Louis Cohen and Sons, Stock Exchange; member of London County Council, a Governor of the Royal Hospital, President of Jewish Board of Guardians. Polled 3975, against 3510.



MR. W. H. MYERS (WINCHESTER), C.

Born 1844, son of late Mr. C. Myers, Swanmore House, Bishopswaltham; educated at Eton and at Balliol College Oxford (first-class honours); called to the Bar. Polled 1213, against 859.



MR. C. W. CAYZER (BARROW-IN-FURNESS), C.

Born 1813, at Plymouth; steam-ship owner, of London, Liverpool, and Glasgow, managing proprietor of the Clan line of steamers to India and South Africa. Polled 3312, against 2890.



MR. H. Y. B. LOPES (GRANTHAM), C.

Born 1859, only son of Sir Massey Lopes, of Maristow, Devonshire; educated at Eton and at Balliol College, Oxford; married a daughter of Earl of Mount Edgumbe. Polled 1296, against 1263.



CAPT. NAYLOR-LEYLAND (COLCHESTER), C.

Born 1864, only son of late Colonel T. Naylor-Leyland, Nantclwyd, Denbighshire; educated at Military College, Sandhurst, and is in 2nd Life Guards. Polled 2173, against 2112.



MR. C. E. TRITTON (NORWOOD), C.

Born 1845, son of late Mr. Joseph Tritton, Lombard Street; educated at Rugby and Trinity Hall, Cambridge; partner, Brightwen and Co., Finch Lane, City. Polled 4147, against 2584.



MR. T. G. BOWLES (KING'S LYNN), C.

Born 1841; educated at King's College, London; was in Inland Revenue Office; founder of *Vanity Fair*; correspondent of *Morning Post* in siege of Paris, and in Turkish War, 1878. Polled 1319, against 1308.



ALDERMAN H. D. DAVIES (ROCHESTER), C.

Born 1842; educated at Dulwich College; formerly engaged in business in London; was in the Common Council from 1885, and Alderman since 1889; owner of oyster-fisheries. Polled 2119, against 1712.

NEW MEMBERS OF THE NEW HOUSE OF COMMONS.



SIR J. WHITEHEAD, BART. (LEICESTER), G.
Born 1834, Appleby, Westmoreland; a London merchant; Alderman since 1882, Sheriff in 1884, Lord Mayor 1888 and 1889, and was then created a baronet. Unopposed election.



MR. C. TOWNSEND (BRISTOL, NORTH), G.
Born 1832; is head of wholesale druggists' firm, Ferris and Co., Bristol; member of Town Council since 1872; President of Chamber of Commerce; President of Liberal Association. Polled 4402, against 4064.



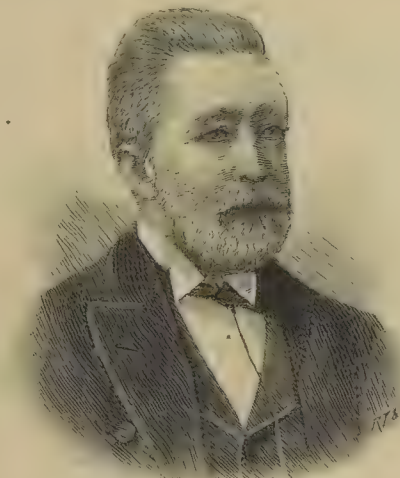
MR. C. E. SHAW (STAFFORD), G.
Born 1859; entered business of his father and uncle, merchants, of Wolverhampton, now a limited liability company; has been twice elected to Town Council, and is a Captain of Volunteers. Polled 1684, against 1322.



LORD BURY (BIRKENHEAD), C.
Born 1858, eldest son of Earl of Albemarle; a magistrate for Norfolk; was in the Scots Guards; is Major in 12th Middlesex Rifle Corps. Married the daughter of Lord Egerton of Tatton. Polled 5760, against 5156.



MR. H. JOSSE (GREAT GRIMSBY), G.
Born in France, 1822; studied law at Caen; took part in Revolution of 1848 and in resisting Louis Napoleon's usurpation, 1851; is a naturalised British subject; is engaged in coal trade. Polled 4201, against 3565.



ALDERMAN F. M. COLDWELLS (LAMBETH), G.
Born at Stoke Newington; tailor and clothier in Lambeth; member of Croydon School Board and Local Board of Health till municipal incorporation, now Alderman and J.P. Polled 2521, against H. M. Stanley, 2394.



MR. J. LEIGH (STOCKPORT), G.
Born 1811; was a cotton-spinner at Stockport; was Mayor four years from 1885, and took part in founding technical school; is a director of Manchester Ship Canal. Polled 5202, against 4986.



MR. W. H. GRENFELL (HEREFORD), G.
Born 1855, eldest son of late Mr. C. W. Grenfell, M.P.; educated at Harrow and Balliol; well-known Oxford University oarsman; was twice M.P. for Salisbury and Windsor. Polled 1507, against 1380.



MR. W. ALLEN (NEWCASTLE-U.-LYME), G.
Born 1870, eldest son of Mr. W. S. Allen, M.P. for this borough from 1865 to 1886; was educated at Rydal Mount School, at Colwyn Bay, and at Cambridge. Polled 4204, against 2936.



MR. J. KEIR HARDIE (WEST HAM, S.), G.
Born 1856, at Cumnock, Ayrshire; is a working miner, and president of the Ayrshire Miners' Union. Contested Mid Lanarkshire in 1888. "Labour" candidate. Polled 5268, against 4036.



MR. JOHN BURNS (BATTERSEA), G.
Born 1858, in Battersea; a working engineer; a leading popular Socialist, active in the Dock Labourers' strike of 1889, a member of the London County Council. Polled 5616, against 4057.



MR. ARCHIBALD GROVE (WEST HAM, N.), G.
Son of late Captain E. Grove; educated at Oriel College, Oxford, and took honours in history and law; founder, proprietor, and editor of the *New Review* (monthly). Polled 4974, against 4913.



MR. G. W. PALMER (READING), G.
Born 1851, eldest son of Mr. G. Palmer, M.P. for Reading 1878 to 1885; educated at Grove House, Tottenham; firm of Hantley and Palmer, biscuit manufacturers. Mayor of Reading 1878. Polled 3900, against 3700.



MR. W. S. CAINE (BRADFORD, EAST), G.
Born 1842; was an iron merchant in Liverpool; M.P. for Scarborough 1880 to 1885, and elected for Barrow-in-Furness 1890; appointed a Lord of the Admiralty 1884. Polled 5575, against 5373.



MR. M. A. FOWLER (DURHAM), G.
Born 1845, son of Alderman Fowler, who was five times Mayor of Durham; is a provision merchant, is one of the Town Council, and has been Mayor. Polled 1075, against 1000.



MR. W. J. INGRAM (BOSTON), G.
Born 1847, eldest surviving son of late Mr. Herbert Ingram, M.P.; educated at Winchester and at Trinity College, Cambridge; one of the proprietors and managers of *Illustrated London News*. Polled 1355, against 1293.

LITERATURE.

THE BROWNING CYCLOPEDIA.

The Browning Cyclopædia. By Edward Berdoe. Second edition, with additions. (London: Swan Sonnenschein and Co., 1892.)—This large and laborious work appears to have been planned and carried through under a curious series of misconceptions, with the inevitable result that it is a fiasco. The initial misconception was that all Browning's poems need "exposition"; the next that another exposition was wanted; the third that the only "qualifications" needed in an expositor were sedulous attendance at the meetings of the Browning Society, the perusal of every available essay on Browning's works, repeated reading of the works themselves, persistent boring of literary friends with queries, and general "pegging away at the obscurities"; and the fourth, that there exists a Browning-reading public which, while it needs to be told that "nepotism" means "favouritism to relations," will know intuitively why Browning called Polycurates a "painted" king. That the compiler's own list of his sole qualifications, as just cited, is incomplete, there is nothing in the book to indicate. Of insight or scholarship or culture there is no trace; of any intelligent appreciation of the kind of help the average reader of Browning would probably seek, or of what constitutes an "authority" on any subject, there is little indication. Dr. Berdoe is frequently at cross-purposes with his poet and with common-sense, being possessed of the fancy that Browning's plainest language is generally obscure; that in Browning's art no "liberal applications lie"; that no man should be permitted to enjoy even such pure creations of the imagination as "Childe Roland" or "The Flight of the Duchess" without the intervention of every wisecracker who has found in it an occult meaning. It is the old Philistine cry: "What does this poem prove?" "Is the romance founded on facts?" and amounts to a practical ignoring of the agency of the imagination in a poet's work. The tendency of such books as this must be obscurantism rather than interpretation. In the lesser matter of explanatory notes of the Clarendon Press school-book type, which might have been made useful in their humble way, the book falls ludicrously short of its pretensions, and the deficiencies are probably outnumbered by the blunders and absurdities. The lines ("Ring and Book," l. 48-9) referring to the Medici—"Riccardi where they lived, and San Lorenzo where they lie," are "explained" thus—"Riccardi, the palace of one of the great families of Florence"; a little further on (ll. 1210-12), "He thrums . . . with desperate finger . . . the sovereign rondo, shall conclude his Suite" has this note—"Rondo: a species of lyrical poetry with a recurring refrain." "Amalfi, loveliest spot in all the landscape" is brought across the mountains to the "Englishman in Italy" who is enjoying himself on the Piano di Sorrento; "Guido Reni, the great painter of Bologna (1575-1642)," is made to paint a picture in the thirteenth century, and this in spite of a quotation from Lanzi, contributed by a friend. In the notes to "Abt Vogler," "Common chord" is thus "explained": "A chord consisting of the fundamental tone with its third and fifth," but the explanation is not explained; and we are told that when Amphion built the walls of Thebes to the sound of his lyre he "anticipated by many centuries the Keeley Motor"! Bluphocks, the name of the Englishman in "Pippa Passes," is "a skit on the *Edinburgh Review*, which is [not] bound in a cover of blue and fox"; Count D'Orsay is described as "a French savant and an intellectual dandy"; and Victor Hugo as "a famous politician and novelist of France." These are but a random sample of gems, selected solely because they can be exhibited without undue waste of space. They do but scanty justice to the ample stores provided by the perverted ingenuity of the latest, and we would fain hope the last—for a generation or two—of the Browning scholiasts.

THE LATE DR. ROWLAND WILLIAMS.

Rowland Williams was a scholar whose misfortune was that he died too soon and lived too long. He died too soon to fulfil the great expectations that were formed of him; he lived too long to allow of his enemies making any generous excuses for his mistakes. Few Cambridge men of this century impressed his contemporaries with so high a sense of his possibilities and reserve of power, yet his life was a failure and a disappointment, originating, in the first instance, in his going to Cambridge at all instead of to Oxford; and secondly, in his leaving Cambridge to take a professorship at Lampeter and isolating himself from the companionship of such men as could exercise upon him a controlling and a stimulating influence. But Rowland Williams does not deserve to be forgotten, and though his great work on "Hinduism and Christianity" is not likely to be read by any but specialists, these two little books,* of which new editions have now very properly been issued, are likely always to be used and referred to by thoughtful and devout men and women who cannot help looking inward and looking upward.

A great part of the Psalms and Litanies are no more than adaptations from Bishop Andrews and other writers of devotions, but some of the most beautiful and profound of the prayers and meditations are original—they are the earnest aspirations of a soul that was eminently pure and noble, and they are expressed in language such as only a very subtle and highly trained intellect could have used. Again and again, as we turn to them, the Laureate's lines come back to us and seem exactly to express the mental and spiritual condition and attitude of the writer—

And falling with my weight of cares
Upon the great world's altar-stairs
That slope thro' darkness up to God,
I stretch lame hands of faith, and call
To what I feel is Lord of all,
And faintly trust the larger hope.

Such Psalms and Litanies, as these will be found most helpful to some of us.

The "Stray Thoughts" ought to be in the hands of every cultured man, young or old, whose business it is to understand the great problems in mental and moral philosophy which are working themselves out among us, and which, unhappily, are being dealt with too airily by wholly incompetent disputants. Such hints and suggestions and exquisitely balanced aphorisms as this little book abounds in are exactly the kind of literature which they need most who have the highest opinion of their own capacity, with the least reason for their estimate of that capacity. Hardly since Bishop Butler's days has any more subtle and far-seeing specimen of theological and philosophical writing come from a Church of England divine than the "Essay on Faith" which closes this unique little volume.

**Stray Thoughts from the Note-Books of Rowland Williams, D.D.* Edited by his Widow. New Edition. (Fisher Unwin, 1892.)
Psalms and Litanies, Counsels and Collects, for Devout Persons. By Rowland Williams, D.D. New Edition. (Fisher Unwin, 1892.)

A MAGAZINE CAUSERIE.

The epidemic of politics in the reviews for July is not so virulent as might have been expected on the very eve of the elections. Perhaps the editors sagely decided that a day or two before the polls most electors would have had more than enough of protests and prophecies. There are some writers, of course, who would buttonhole a man on his way to his funeral and shriek the doom of empires into his dead ear. Macaulay was wrong when he described the New Zealander sketching the ruins of St. Paul's. That amiable Antipodean will communicate his impressions to the *Nineteenth Century*, or whatever numeral of the ages Mr. Knowles's review may represent at that juncture in the history of man. Meanwhile, the duty of extemporising national decay falls heavily upon Mr. Edward Dicey and his brother, the Professor, who present a piquantly fraternal contrast which might be worth analysis if there were not so many other things in this breathless world. The Professor never forgets that he is the representative of public morals, and he enforces this attitude in the *Contemporary*; while his brother in the *Nineteenth Century* reveals with airy candour a Machiavellian indifference to severe rectitude in the choice of methods for discomfiting the enemies of the Empire. In the same review Mr. Knowles has collected ten champions of the Unionist Government, who liberate their souls with refreshing unconsciousness of the tedium of the topic. In the *New Review*, Dr. Ball and the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes discuss the duty of Nonconformity to Ulster, with no more fruitful result than to show that the Nonconformist conscience, like mere worldly tribunals, can speak with conflicting voices. It is impossible, apparently, to conceive a more hopeless enterprise than that of an English Methodist trying to persuade an Irish Presbyterian or Episcopalian that a Catholic majority in a Catholic country may be trusted to deal fairly with a Protestant minority. The best thing in the *New Review* is the character-sketch of Lord Salisbury, who, of all public men, has this rare distinction: that his personal peculiarities are appreciated by a very small minority of critics.

"General" Booth and his projects loom large in the *Fortnightly* and *Contemporary*. Mr. Arnold White has inspected the accounts of the Salvation Army, and has found such a perfection of financial management that the embezzlement of half-a-crown in two years represents the utmost achievement of turpitude. In the face of Mr. White's report it will be difficult to maintain that "General" Booth and his family make any personal profit out of their philanthropy. The world is incredulous of unselfishness, but that very uncommon plant seems to flourish among the organisers of the Salvation Army. Of "General" Booth's colony in Essex, Mr. White says that it fully deserves the unflinching sympathy of the public, and Mr. Francis Peck is strongly of the same opinion. It will be conceded, at all events, that "General" Booth's plan of social regeneration is more practical than Count Tolstói's. Now that eccentric genius has ceased to practise art, and has given himself up to moonshine, it is incomprehensible to me that English editors should trouble themselves about his lucubrations. His article in the *New Review* is merely vegetarianism run mad. To kill a chicken is murder, and whoever eats it is an accomplice in the crime. Christianity is incompatible with animal food, and Count Tolstói relates with horror how he once heard a professedly religious man declare that his Christianity was founded on beefsteaks. What is the object of publishing such stuff as this? In the *Cornhill* a parson gives us some reminiscences of clerical work, and tells a story of a poor woman who had paid eighteenpence for the churching service, and when it was read to her exclaimed, "Eighteenpence for that bit! Read us some more!" This is not particularly improving, but it is a thousand times more rational than Tolstói's fanatical mauling over murdered chickens. Social regeneration will owe little to the Russian sage or to the Right Honourable Osborne Morgan. At first sight there was a promise of piquancy in Mr. Morgan's dissertation on London Society in the *Contemporary*. Hitherto, Mr. Morgan has been associated with unattractive topics like Welsh Disestablishment. I had a hope that at this advanced stage of his career he was about to reveal philosophic and literary qualities wholly unsuspected by his most intimate friends and admirers. But Mr. Morgan's article is only a *réchauffé* of Lady Jeune's indictment of London Society in the *North American Review*, with a weak and rambling commentary which has no significance whatever. Lady Jeune deals with the immortal "servant question" in the *Fortnightly*, and pictures the effects of a strike among our domestic tyrants, followed by the adoption of the eight hours day. Perhaps some of our matrons may be disposed to escape these evils by emigrating to Turkey and turning Moslem; for, if the Turkish lady who writes in the *Nineteenth Century* is to be credited, the life of the harem is the highest of earthly ideals. At all events, after a long course of articles on woman's suffrage, it is deeply interesting to the mere man to learn that a Turkish wife is occasionally possessed by a yearning to clean her husband's boots.

The great literary feature of the magazines is Mr. Walter Besant's duel with "A London Editor" in the *National Review*. The anonymous editor professes to be scandalised by the very idea of the Authors' Club. Fancy a lot of authors sitting down to dine at one table! It is as shocking to propriety as would be the spectacle of ladies of the ballet clubbing together in their "professional short skirts." I should say that "A London Editor" was poking a little mild fun at the Society of Authors; but Mr. Besant takes it all very seriously, and vindicates that corporation with much zeal and eloquence. Mr. Andrew Lang repeats in the *National Review* the not too familiar truth that criticism is very much an affair of our likes and dislikes. It is a truth which has yet to be discovered by Mr. Francis Adams, who lectures Mr. Hardy in the *Fortnightly* with a comical assumption of superiority. To be told by Mr. Adams that Mr. Hardy belongs to the "inferior class" of prose writers opens up a wonderful vista of edification. But it may be admitted that Mr. Brander Matthews scores heavily in *Harper's* for "American spelling." We may cling to the "u" in "honour," because that form comes to us through the French; but when Mr. Matthews asks us why we do not apply the same rule to "Emperor," which ought also to preserve its French "u," we can only answer, with Shylock, that it is our humour.

L. F. A.

NEW BOOKS AND NEW EDITIONS—SELECTED.

- "In the Track of the Russian Famine," by E. A. Brayley Hodgetts. (T. Fisher Unwin.)
- "The Early History of Trinity College, Dublin, 1591-1660," by William Urwick. (T. Fisher Unwin.)
- "Adventures of a Blockade-Runner," by William Watson. (T. Fisher Unwin.)
- "The Gentleman's Magazine Library. English Topography," Part II. Edited by G. Laurence Gomme. (Elliot Stock.)
- "Achilles in Scyros," by Robert Bridges. (G. Bell and Sons.)
- "The Naulahka: a Story of West and East," by Rudyard Kipling and Wolcott Balestier. (Heinemann.)
- "Specimens of Old French," by Paget Toynbee. (Clarendon Press.)

LITERARY GOSSIP.

There is always something pathetic in the rare spectacle of a Frenchman endeavouring to learn a foreign language, and when the language is German the pathos rises to its utmost height, and the spectacle becomes the noblest of all—that of a good man struggling with adversity. M. Gouin, being desirous of acquiring the tongue of the enemy, made every sacrifice—he tried all the reputed methods, submitted even to the indignity of residing in Germany and in the bosom of a German family. But all in vain. At the end of six months he and the barbarians around him were still as deaf mutes to one another—there was no gap in the solid wall constructed of alternate courses of auxiliary and irregular verbs which separated them, and M. Gouin well-nigh despaired. At length, deprived of intelligent intercourse with his equals, he made friends with the children of the house, who were happily acquiring their own tongue without the burthen of acquaintance with another. Soon the playmates could exchange innocent prattle, sentences on four solid legs formed themselves somehow, and one morning M. Gouin awoke to find himself able to speak in a language understood of the people around him, who scorned the hat of the wife of the baker.

Being a philanthropist, M. Gouin decided to present his little secret to the world, but, being also a professor, he felt bound to wait until he had invented a suit of philosophical clothes in which it could appear respectably; for, of course, a method of this kind, which is a mere practical success, is incomplete until accounted for by appeal to known psychological facts, or until a psychological theory can be constructed to fit it. M. Gouin has duly constructed his theory, which fits his method, and he is quite sure that the method is essentially a new departure; but this it may be permitted to doubt, for it seems to have been the one adopted by Coleridge ninety-four years ago, and he apparently got his hint from something in the works of Luther.

In the "Biographia Literaria" (i. 201) we read: "To those who design to acquire the language of a country in the country itself, it may be useful if I mention the incalculable advantage which I derived from learning all the words that could possibly be so learnt with the objects before me, and without the intermediation of the English terms. It was a regular part of my morning studies for the first six weeks of my residence at Ratzeburg to accompany the good and kind old pastor with whom I lived from the cellar to the roof, through gardens, farmyard, &c., and to call every—the minutest—thing by its German name. Advertisements, farces, jest-books, and the conversation of children while I was at play with them contributed their share to a more homelike acquaintance with the language than I could have acquired from works of polite literature alone, or even from polite society."

And then Coleridge goes on to quote "a passage of hearty sound sense in Luther's 'Letter on Interpretation'" much to the point, and to give the following translation: "For one must not ask the letters in the Latin tongue, how one ought to speak German; but one must ask the mother of the house, the children in the lanes and alleys, the common man in the market, concerning this; yea, and look at the *moves* of their mouths while they are talking, and thereafter interpret. They understand you then, and mark that one talks German with them." ("So verstehen sie es denn, und merken dass man Deutsch mit ihnen redet." Edit. Walch, xxi. 318.)

Every reader of Rossetti's terrible ballad about the girl who tortures her absent lover by melting his wax image in the fire probably knows that it illustrates an ancient superstition, and to a few it may have recalled the instances in Theocritus—the laurel-bough held in the flames, and the other (in Pol-
whele's translation)—

Even as this wax evaporates in fume,
May Myndian Delphis, scorched by Love, consume.

Fewer still may remember Virgil's allusion in the eighth Eclogue, and nobody at all that in Habington's "Castara." It is in the verses addressed "To a Wanton," who tries to make him unfaithful to his peerless Dulcinea—

If this false president, nor yet my want
Of love to answer thine, make thee recent
Thy sorrows, Pity shall to Justice turne,
And judge thee, Witch! in thy own flames to burne!

In the same poem are these lines—

Read not his raptures, whose invention must
Write journey worke, both for his patron's lust
And his own pluck.

Does Habington mean that the great man's kept poet wore his livery, like the menials of his retinue? And were the Jeameses of the earlier half of the seventeenth century entitled to write themselves "de la Pluche"? Habington thought well of the texture of plush, for in his lines to his "worthy cousin, Mr. E. C., in praise of the city life, in the long vacation," he says—

I like the green plush which your meadows weare;
but he thinks it a pity a "nectar'd wit" like E. C.

should turn himself t' a beast
And graze t' the country.

In his "Lancaster and York: A Century of English History (A.D. 1399-1485)," just published by the Clarendon Press, Sir James Ramsay has naturally a good deal to say about Richard III. He does not adopt Mr. Clements Markham's favourable estimate of the Crockback, leaving him, practically, in his old character of a nursery-bogy—only, after the modern manner, giving the prisoner the benefit of the doubt wherever the evidence for the prosecution is not convincing. In the little affairs of Henry VI. and the Princes the verdict is "Not proven," which is something to the good, and Richard may some day be "himself again"—the Richard, that is, of the "Apologia pro vitâ sua" he was not spared to write. Until Mr. Markham's there was no public attempt at whitewashing, but Richard had had a champion long before. Mr. Browning told me that in his boyhood his father used often to take him to see an old doctor who practised in the City, and whose house in Great St. Helens was packed from top to bottom with relics (or what the collector believed to be such) of the Wars of the Roses, and especially Richard III. This old doctor (whose name Mr. Browning had forgotten, I think) had convinced himself, by what he was wont to describe as irrefragable documentary evidence, that Gloucester had been grossly maligned and misrepresented by the chroniclers on the other side and by Shakspeare, who had feathered their poisoned arrows; and told and repeated his story so often that his young listener never quite believed the other one. But the old doctor died long, long ago, and his collections were dispersed, and his evidence, whatever it may have been, vanished, or was believed by the poet to have vanished. It may, however, be still extant in some lumber-closet, and those who think kindly of Richard and of historical truth may think it worth while to follow up the rather shadowy clue which is all I am able to furnish.

K.

THE HOMES AND HAUNTS OF ALFRED LORD TENNYSON.



SOMERSBY CHURCH.

It is impossible, in any retrospect of the Laureate's life, not to be impressed by the immense span, in point of time, of his literary career, which may fairly be said to date back much further than the political career of Mr. Gladstone. Sixty-six years have gone by since Messrs. Jackson, of Louth, purchased for the sum of £20 the manuscript of "Poems by Two Brothers," an enterprise which can hardly have made the fortune of the daring publishers. We read in Mr. Napier's charming pages* how the two brother-poets, "in their joy, took

when there occurred an event in connection with which we get the first distinct glimpse of Tennyson in the character of a poet. This was the death of his grandmother, wife of George



INTERIOR OF BAG-ENDERBY CHURCH.

Tennyson, of Bayons Manor, a wealthy lawyer. The bereaved husband, "hearing of the poetical tastes of his grandson," requested him to execute an elegy, and afterwards, rewarding the



ROOM IN WHICH THE POET WAS BORN AT SOMERSBY.

carriages from Louth the afternoon the book was published, and, driving across the marsh to Mablethorpe—

To the ocean gave
Their mind and thoughts, as restless as the wave";

and how, "before returning to Somersby, the young poets, like dutiful sons of a clergyman, spent their hard-earned money in a tour through Lincolnshire, inspecting the different churches, for which the county is so justly famous." At this time Tennyson would be seventeen. It was still a year earlier

* *The Homes and Haunts of Alfred Lord Tennyson.* By George G. Napier, M.A. (Glasgow: Maclehose and Sons.)



FRESHWATER BAY.



THE LIME WALK, CAMBRIDGE.

threnodist with half-a-sovereign, remarked, "There, that is the first money you have ever earned by your poetry, and, take my word for it, it will be the last." Mr. George Tennyson was more successful as a solicitor than as a prophet. It

was in 1830 that we find Arthur Hallam writing to Mr. Gladstone: "I hope you will buy and read Alfred Tennyson's poems," and hazarding the opinion that their author "promises fair to be the greatest poet of our generation, perhaps of our century." Beginning at an even earlier period, Mr. Napier has collected a delightful wealth of information respecting the poet's various places of abode or of sojourn, as well as of numerous localities associated more or less directly with his poems, and these details are accompanied by a profusion of beautifully produced pictorial illustrations. Many readers of this volume will probably learn for the first time that the three years following Tennyson's marriage were spent at Chapel House,



SOMERSBY RECTORY (NOW MANOR HOUSE).

Twickenham, "a corner house in Montpelier Row, a terrace running betwixt the Thames and the Richmond Road, about the same distance east as Pope's villa is west of Twickenham." The mention of Pope reminds us that he and Lord Tennyson are the only English writers of whom it can be said that their mothers lived to see them acknowledged beyond cavil as the greatest poets of their respective times.

It is worthy of note that the year 1850 was marked by the publication of "In Memoriam," the more or less intermittent labour of seventeen years; by its author's marriage to Emily Sarah Sellwood, daughter of a Horncastle solicitor, and niece of Sir John Franklin; by the death of Wordsworth, and, in consequence, by Tennyson's inheritance of "This laurel greener from the brows Of him who uttered nothing base." Thus the middle year of the century may



THE POET'S HOUSE AT TWICKENHAM.

fairly be considered as the most eventful of the Laureate's life. According to the dictum of Milton, a heroic poet must make his own life "an heroic poem." Of our glorious Laureate it may at least be said that he has made his life an exquisite idyll. Nature and fortune seem to have conspired toward his perfect development. Whether something of onward storm and stress, such as played so large a part in the spiritual evolution of Byron and Shelley, would have brought to light in Tennyson a fiery and turbulent force such as theirs, who can say? More probably such influences would have checked the flowering and fruition of a genius so calm and contemplative; for, although "man is man, and master of his fate," the latter truth needs qualifying. At all events, let us who reap the result be grateful for the ideal conditions that have helped to mould an ideal singer. WILLIAM WATSON.



FARRINGFORD, ISLE OF WIGHT.



THE GENERAL ELECTION: AT THE DECLARATION OF THE POLL

THREE COLONIAL STATESMEN.

No one who is in the habit of seeing much of London life can fail to be aware that despite the distractions of a General Election there have been great colonial doings. The young cubs of the British Lion have, to adopt a phrase of the Premier of New South Wales, been massing together in great force in the heart of the Empire. Colonists have been everywhere—to a happily limited extent upon political platforms—but especially at the Congress of Chambers of Commerce of the Empire, over which Sir John Lubbock presided for four days in the historic hall of the Merchant Taylors' Company. In the hope of focussing, to some extent, the public opinion of the principal colonies on the main questions of the day, a representative of the *Illustrated London News* has sought out statesmen from Australasia, South Africa, and British North America, with this result—

HON. GEORGE R. DIBBS, PREMIER OF NEW SOUTH WALES.

"*Illustrated London News*, eh? Knew the paper before you were born." The point was immaterial, so our representative



THE HON. GEORGE R. DIBBS.

proceeded to ask the Premier what he thought of this movement for closer trade relations between the different parts of the Empire. "Well," replied Mr. Dibbs—who was in the full enjoyment of felt slippers and a homely pipe—"if Australia were federated to-morrow, there would be intercolonial free trade and protection against the

outside world. Yes, that would, of course, include England and the colonies elsewhere, but I believe that the large majority of the Australian people would support a preferential tariff within the whole Empire and against the foreigner—British manufactures having a preference in Australia, and our raw products having equal preference in the motherland. England would then be working with her own flesh and blood, instead of against them as now."

"But Australian confederation must come first. Is that to come soon, despite the defeat of Sir Henry Parkes?"

"New South Wales is under pledge to the other colonies at the recent convention to submit a draft Bill to our Legislature, so that after all the Legislatures of Australia have considered the subject we may have another conference, and we mean to carry out that pledge. It is very difficult to say how the voting will go in the New South Wales Legislature. There is a strong feeling in the House against confederation, and in the Cabinet, where it is an open question—some Ministers are enthusiastic federationists, while others are strong opponents."

"And, if carried, will not confederation, think you, stand in the way of closer unity with the mother-country?"

"Imperial Federation? That exists to-day as much as ever it will. We are as much a portion of the British Empire now as are the people of, say, Yorkshire or Devonshire."

"Except that they have no power to tax the products of other parts of the kingdom."

"We have self-government, of course, but only by reason of our distance from the mother-country. It is impossible to govern Australia from Downing Street, and therefore we are permitted to have our own Parliament, and do practically what we like, so long as we do not break through any imperial laws, such as the Navigation Laws."

"And can such a state of things be expected to last in view of the rapid growth of the Colonies in all that goes to make a free nation?"

"It will last, in my judgment, just so long as the wisdom of British statesmen lasts."

"Would you say, then, that there is no feeling growing up in Australasia in favour of independence and full nationality?"

"There is always an undercurrent of feeling more or less undefined, but I venture to say that no serious movement of the kind will be called into existence so long as British Governments treat the Colonies as they have been treated during the last thirty or thirty-five years. We are virtually free States as it is, and British Ministers, one and all, whether Conservative or Liberal, have been so fair and even generous during this period that there is no reason to suspect a desire for the change you suggest. The thread uniting us may be a silken one, but it need be none the less effective. Supposing, for instance—a very remote supposition, one is glad to believe—a body of men were to come into existence in the mother-country imbued with the feelings towards the Colonies which prevailed a hundred years ago, and suppose they tried to carry their principles into practice, as did the statesmen of the Georges—well, then our British pluck would come in. There would be resistance, and there might be separation; but that is, happily, all very remote."

"Of course you are not forgetting the New Hebrides difficulty, the naval tribute dispute, and the Chinese problem?"

"No, I have those well in mind. I have brought the Hebrides question before Lord Knutsford since I came here, and I had a cablegram from Sydney this morning telling me that the various colonies unite with New South Wales in the desire to urge her Majesty's Government to make treaties with the other Great Powers for one uniform administration in the Hebrides, America and Germany send their machine guns, &c., into the islands, and we are powerless to interfere under the Pacific Islands Act. We ask her Majesty's Government to endeavour to induce all nations to do what France and England are doing: restrict certain enterprises which injure the natives and are opposed to civilisation. There was, it is true, much bitterness shown by a small section concerning our Australian tribute of £100,000 towards the Australian naval squadron, but most people, I think, regard it as a just and prudential arrangement both for us and for the mother-country. The Chinese difficulty is a very troublesome one, and the Colonies are certainly determined to keep them out; but even with these questions there is no rock upon which our good relations with the mother-country are likely to split. There is nothing that cannot be disposed of by negotiation."

"Well, Mr. Dibbs, this is all very pleasing to British ears. Is this British feeling in the colony strong enough, think you, to inspire another Sudan expedition in case of need?"

"My own opinion of the Sudan Expedition is that it was

not absolutely wanted. It was an act of spontaneous generosity, and was accepted in that spirit, and did much good here and in the Colonies. So for these 'twopenny-ha'penny' wars in which you have been indulging for the past twenty or thirty years you do not need our help. England can cope with them easily enough; but of one thing I am certain, that if England really needed our aid she would not have to ask for it. Let England be once in a tight corner, and the Colonies would come to her help with all the strength at their command. And why not? Are we not her own children?"

SIR CHARLES TUPPER, HIGH COMMISSIONER FOR CANADA.

It was the eve of Dominion Day when our representative saw Sir Charles Tupper, and he was naturally full of the subject of Canada's progress in all the arts of peace, in the furtherance of which he has spent thirty-seven years of his life, and upon which he had much that was eloquent to say at the Dominion Day banquet on the following day—

"Yes," he said at the outset, "no one can doubt the rapid strides which Anglo-Canadian relations have made in recent years, and for this we never cease to be grateful to our friends in the United States. Their abrogation of the Elgin Reciprocity Treaty twenty-six years ago did much to hasten confederation, and their latest effort—the McKinley tariff—has given a decided and very welcome impetus to the interchange of trade with Britain. What could be more gratifying to us in Canada than the results of last week's Congress of Chambers of Commerce of the Empire? The whole Empire was represented by 136 Chambers from every section of the Queen's dominions, and of these, 33 Chambers supported the request of the Dominion Parliament for closer fiscal unity on a preferential basis, 55 opposed, and 48 were abstentions. Seeing the comparative novelty of the proposal, and the time that a proposal for a change of policy always takes to recommend itself to the British people, I think we have good cause to feel gratified at the progress made so far."

"One or more of your Canadian delegates suggested that serious results might follow from the rejection of Canada's proposal."

"That is not my view at all. Canada will remain loyal to British institutions. All our interests and wishes point that way, and on that ground all parties and races are practically agreed in Canada. We are British to the core, and never more so than now—that is true of Scotch-Canadians, Irish-Canadians, French-Canadians, and, indeed, of all Canadians. Why, the very resolution I moved at the Congress in favour of closer trade relations with the mother-country came from the French Canadian Chamber of Commerce of Montreal, and it was the platform upon which all the Canadian delegates from Ontario, Québec, the Maritime Provinces, Manitoba, the North-West Territories, and British Columbia united, with the exception of two delegates—one of whom, be it observed, voted against the principle formally adopted by the Board he was sent to represent."

"Of course, Sir Charles, the idea of your amendment has opponents in Canada? You would not represent Canada as of absolutely one voice on the question of a preferential tariff for the Empire? Some would probably desire freer trade with your neighbours, the United States, and some, perhaps, annexation or even independence."

"There is no serious question of annexation or independence in Canada—no desire for any change in our relations with the mother-country, unless it be in the direction of strengthening the ties, without, of course, impairing our self-governing powers. That may be positively asserted to be the view of the Canadian people generally, of whatever race, creed, or party; and each day seems to strengthen this feeling of attachment. Our trade interests, too, point more and more to this country and the sister colonies."

"Some of your Canadian Parliamentarians have, Sir Charles, been asserting that Canada's dependent position hampers her trade relations with foreign countries, especially as regards the making of foreign treaties."

"Not at all, in my judgment. Canada has all she can fairly ask and all she really needs in the matter of treaty-making powers. She is treated with a wise liberality by the Home Government. When I came to England nine years ago my predecessor, Sir Alexander Galt, handed over to me a memorandum urging me to spare no effort to secure to Canada's representative in any trade negotiations with foreign Powers the position of Plenipotentiary instead of a mere Commissioner unable to take direct part, everything being done through the British Ambassador. That has been granted, and I have at various times held the position of her Majesty's Plenipotentiary to the United States and to Spain, acting, of course, in concert with the Plenipotentiary or Minister representing her Majesty's Government. This concession gives Canada all the direct voice she needs, while retaining the valuable diplomatic support of a great Power like England. Moreover, no foreign treaty is concluded by the mother-country without our being asked if we wish to be included or excluded. Oh, no; there is no vestige of a grievance in this treaty-making question—quite the contrary."

"And what about the old grievance of British ignorance of and indifference to colonial affairs?"

"We have every reason to feel pleased at the change effected during the past few years. There is now a column in all the

leading journals about Canada to every five lines that appeared when I first came here in 1883. The Canadian-Pacific Railway has opened everyone's eyes to Canada's staying power and determination to make herself a position in the world. As I said the other day, some forty millions of people in the United States thought it a most marvellous achievement to build a railway half across their continent, from St. Paul to San Francisco, and yet here you have the five millions of Canadians building a great imperial highway across the whole continent from Atlantic to Pacific, with far greater engineering difficulties, with all the hostility of existing lines and interests, and without calling upon England for one farthing of the cost."

SIR CHARLES TUPPER.

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SIR JOHN ROBINSON, SPECIAL COMMISSIONER FOR NATAL.

Sir John Robinson may be truly called a South African pioneer. Though an Englishman by birth, he went early to Natal, and watched at the cradle of the colony for which he has now helped to secure the blessings of self-government. For over twenty-nine years he has been a member of its Legislative Council, and it is as a co-delegate with Mr. Sutton from that body that he came on his present mission to England.

"And are you satisfied with the results of your mission, Sir John?"

"We have been met most cordially and courteously at the Colonial Office, and the result of our consultations as to the future Constitution of Natal will, I think, prove eminently satisfactory. We have hitherto had a representative Legislature and a Crown Government."

"A sort of halfway house between a Crown colony and a self-governing colony?"

"Quite so, and it is a form of government which works with great difficulty, friction, and mischief. The Legislature exercises power without being responsible, and that must be fraught with evil. The object of the proposed measure is simply to establish a Ministry responsible to the Legislature; and as a safeguard, a sort of make-weight, we are to have an Upper Chamber—in the first place named by the Crown, but subsequently appointed, as in Canada and elsewhere, by the Governor in Council—that is, practically, by the responsible Ministry of the colony."

"And do you regard this erection of Natal into a self-governing colony as a step in the direction of a united British South Africa—a confederated South African Dominion?"

"Yes, certainly. It can hardly be said that there is a definite movement for the confederation of South Africa. The question has been talked about for the last seventeen years, and I do not know that it can fairly be said to have material progress, for a very obvious reason. We are like you in England—we are contented to take one step at a time."

"And what is to be the next step?"

"A Customs Union, I should say. There is a Customs Union between Cape Colony and the Free State, but Natal would not join. She thought the terms too high, but, that question being settled, it is, I think, pretty certain that the entry either of Natal or the Transvaal into the Customs Union would mean the entry of the other. Their commercial interests are so closely identified."

"Such a South African Customs Union would, of course,

Sir John, include non-British communities—the Transvaal and the Free State—and to this extent debar the Cape Colony and Natal from entering into any preferential tariff arrangement within the British Empire."

"Unless the Transvaal and the Free State were taken in."

"What! Take in two non-British communities? What reply could then be made to the United States—our own race—at their exclusion?"

"Well, the position of the Transvaal and the Free State are very peculiar. They are cut off from the sea by British territories. We are, happily, living on good terms with them, and it is wisest to leave us for the present to work out our own future in our own way. In my humble opinion, an essential preliminary of any large imperial scheme of this kind is the federation of the large groups of colonies. When there is a united Australasia and a united South Africa capable of speaking with one voice as Canada is, then you may be sure that these large imperial questions will receive the most earnest and sympathetic attention. But for the present we must pay heed to the more immediate and pressing problems at our doors. I fancy I notice a little tendency here and there in the mother-country to overlook the essential element of cordial colonial co-operation in all such matters. Amid so much that is kind and sympathetic and statesmanlike, it must never be forgotten that nothing can be done without free-willed colonial participation."

"But you would not have it inferred that there is a lack of colonial sympathy with the mother-country?"

"Oh, no. As a colonist of forty-two years' standing, I am sure there is every desire to work heartily and harmoniously with our friends in the mother-country in connection with any movement to promote the happiness and prosperity of the Empire, but we must have time to work out our local difficulties. You at home must keep in line with public opinion in the Colonies, and, above all, refrain from attempting to force upon them measures or policies for which they are not really prepared. Our sympathies and trade interests are British. Last year eight-tenths of our imports in Natal came from the United Kingdom, more than one-tenth came from British colonies, and considerably less than one-tenth from foreign countries. And the trade of the future will, I believe, be in much the same proportions."

"Now, Sir John, are we Englishmen better educated than we were on South African affairs—a sore point, you know, with some of your compatriots?"

"I am perfectly sure you are. My first return to England was in 1862, and there is, of course, no comparison between the knowledge and sympathy of to-day and the almost universal ignorance and callousness of those times. Then I came again in 1876 to Lord Carnarvon's abortive South African Conference, and you were making progress then, though not, perhaps, very fast. The succeeding ten years saw a great awakening, especially in the latter part of the decade, and at the time of the Colonial Conference of 1887, to which I was a delegate, you had fully entered upon that era of closer colonial sympathies and higher imperial statesmanship which the Empire is now enjoying."

"The people of British South Africa are, of course, watching the progress of events in the territories to the north with much interest?"

"Indeed, we are. The success of the chartered company in establishing its authority in Mashonaland and adjacent territories has been quite phenomenal, and has altogether satisfied the fears of many old colonists. As for the colonies and the republics, we hope to work more and more harmoniously together."



SIR JOHN ROBINSON.

BEHIND THE NOVELIST'S SCENES.

BY ANDREW LANG.

In his new novel, "The Wrecker," Mr. Stevenson speaks of the pleasure which children take in breaking their toys. They want "to see how it is done," they explore the sawdust with which the doll is stuffed, and the sand which makes the toy cobbler work, and they unscrew the wheels of their watches. This is the scientific instinct in an early form. Later, the same kind of curiosity inspires men to pry into the circulation of the blood and the mechanism of the brain. These organs and fluids work on, whether we know how it is done or not. In another guise, this painfully inquiring spirit urges people to ask how novels are "done," and Mr. Stevenson very good-naturedly, rather than very wisely, tells them in his "epilogue," as a Scotch poet amusingly called it. "If 'prelude,' why not 'epilogue'?" he asked himself. The reason was not obvious to him. Nor is the reason for Mr. Stevenson's explanation very obvious. He and Mr. Lloyd Osbourne thought of a wreck peopled by the wrong crew—that was the primitive cell or germ of the narrative. Then they worked in descriptions of life and manners drawn from experiences in the Forest of Fontainebleau, in Edinburgh, in the isles of the Pacific, in San Francisco, in Australia. Well, to be told all this may please the curious, but I confess to feeling uncomfortable and "disillusioned" when I am thus taken behind the scenes. The author breaks up his own toy, and shows us the strings and the sand. It is an excellent toy, though I keep wishing that so much of the sand had not been shed on board of the Flying Scud, or rather that it had not been shed in that particular way. "Mine is a beastly story," says Mr. Carthew, and "beastly" it is. The murder of unresisting men, merely because their evidence would be inconvenient, is a crime for which one has no sympathy and can even make no excuse. A novelist might have arranged for a fair fight, as he was inevitably compelled to kill people. If he had not killed them, some may urge, there would have been no story and no mystery. But they might have died, as far as one can see, with arms in their hands. They might have made an attack on the specie of the castaways, who might have defended it with success. They would still be homicides and the justifiable nature of their deeds would have been difficult or impossible to prove, so we would have had our mystery, as at present. Probably the difficulty here was that the scene would have looked like a repetition of a scene in "Treasure Island." Doubtless, there were other difficulties. We may also say that, after the fighting in the cabin, which was unforeseen, Carthew and his men, being armed, could have seized the ship, worked her out of the lagoon, and adroitly marooned the other crew in various islets, finally "piling up" their vessel on a convenient isle, where they could wait to be taken off under false names. There would thus be the same mystery, which is essential to a "police novel," without a set of cold-blooded murders. The Carthewians would, as far as one can see, have been at least as safe from detection as in the present case, and nobody, except the sanguinary Irishman, Mac, would have been guilty of murder. A man like Carthew simply could not have lived with that sin on his soul: he must have died of drink, or committed suicide, or given himself up to justice. He could not have taken it lightly, at Barbizon, or in Persia. This is the way in which it strikes one: one does not believe that Dodd and Urquart could have got over the horror and condoned it, as they did. Possibly what looks like an error in structure is part of a philosophy of life. Mr. Stevenson and Mr. Osbourne may have wished to show the soul of good in things evil, as in the scoundrelly lawyer, and the soul of evil in things good, as in Carthew.

However, this is a digression. The main question is: Should a novelist break up his own toy, and take us behind his own scenes? The sense of reality, the illusion, is difficult enough to preserve without deliberately destroying it. M. Daudet has done his best to destroy the reality of his own novels by telling us in his memoirs how it was done, what real persons and events suggested Numa Roumestan and Jack and the other characters of his tales. On the face of them, they were bits of reporter's work, carried to the highest power; but M. Daudet, who did not manage to hide the strings, openly displays his *ficelles*. The difficulty of not seeing the strings must always be felt by contemporary readers, who are more or less acquainted with the novelist's life and its environment. To Oxford readers the strings in "Robert Elsmere" were inevitably very manifest. Mr. Stevenson's essays show some of his strings, even to those who are not fortunate enough to be more familiar with his adventures. Long ago, Hogg and many others could recognise fragments of Scott's conversation in the Waverley Novels. Laidlaw and others had hunted with him, on the hills above Loch Skene, the goat of "The Black Dwarf." Mr. Skene of Rubislaw had suggested the Jews in "Ivanhoe." The original death of Brian the Templar had occurred, not in the lists at Templestowe, but in the Parliament House of Edinburgh. The talk about "long" and "short" sheep was drawn from a well-remembered conversation, and so with many other incidents. All novels are necessarily patchwork, composed by imagination working on the treasures of memory. That novel is, so far, the best in which this work is least obvious. Dickens did not tell us, in his lifetime, how much of "David Copperfield" was autobiographical. Had he done so, in a preface or an epilogue, he would, so far, have been showing us the seamy side of the novel, the loose, formless threads; he would have been taking us behind the scenes, and displaying Micawber without that jewel, his eyeglass, and his other graces. One's pleasure in fiction is always hurt when one recognises blocks of raw fact in the material. Of course, an author who is constantly being accused of plagiarism is, in a way, compelled to give his "sources," as the learned have it—to quote his authorities. These remarks are, after all, perhaps too individual; many readers may actually enjoy seeing the toy taken to pieces, may be pleased to watch the disintegration of the puppets. It is an odd taste, but it may be a taste which is prevalent. We are too curious; we have too much of the scientific spirit even in our pleasures. Yet, even to the unscientifically minded, how much pleasure and breathless curiosity there is in "The Wrecker"!

THE LITTLE CHRONICLE.

As the excitements of the election die down, they leave behind them one or two solid advantages, though not of extraordinary magnitude. The topography of the British Islands is much better understood than it was a fortnight ago; the whole population has undergone volunteer drill in addition and subtraction; there has been a general exercise of intellect in discussing the aims, objects, and prejudices of other people, and a certain circulation of money, which, though it is not what it used to be, helps to diminish the deficiency on a short and broken "season." There is something in this to be grateful for; and now that the conflict is over the current of ordinary events will be permitted to flow on again, perhaps, and we shall think of many things instead of one. For days and days there has been no "little chronicle" in the news-sheets. News of all kinds has been crowded out by election lists, election forecasts, and the rest; to the misery of many a good creature whose custom and whose solace it is to sit in a quiet back-parlour when the shop-shutters are up and go steadily through "the paper." What would have become of them, so pitilessly bereft, but for the extraordinary case of Dr. Neill Cream, it is hard to say. That saved them. It could not be left out, neither cut down much; and few such stories have had such startlers as the reappearance, with accusing finger, of one of the theoretically murdered ones.

Rightly estimated, the death of Mr. J. A. Smith, of Northampton, the other day, is even more worthy of cogitation than the decease of the Right Hon. C. T. Ritchie as member for St. George's-in-the-East. Mr. Smith has been described as one of the most successful cyclists in the midland counties. First and last, he won more than two hundred prizes during his years of contention; but his years of contention were twenty, and at the end of them he was found dead by the roadside, his bicycle lying beside him. Over-exertion had killed this too persistent devotee of athleticism, which is just the point for remark. The bicycle is one of the greatest blessings of the century. In what it enables young men to do, and in what it gently leads them to avoid, its praises can hardly be sung too lustily. But, like every other earthly blessing it is liable to abuse; and the abuse is precisely that

inquiry business with every intention of fairness and honesty; but in the nature of things it is not a nice business; it does not invite the participation of nice people; and it has immense attractions, because it offers immense opportunities, for sharp and enterprising blackguardism. It is not as if it were a business that has to be licensed by the magistracy or from the Home Office, as it certainly should be, or else suppressed. Any sort of person may engage in it, either as principal or subordinate; and there are few callings even of the most disgraceful kind which offer so many temptations to chicanery, perjury, subversion of character, a sort of villainy called "planting," and extortion of every kind—blackmail especially. With temptations to blackmailing, on the one hand, there are temptations, on the other, to make out a case and earn the rewards of success. Here the agent's spies and "runners" are more particularly touched; and when we consider of what stuff these persons must have been composed originally, and what shifts they must be driven to to take up with such a business, need we be surprised at the plotting of any insidious villainy? There is plenty of such work, and it would be much more suspected than it is if nearly the whole of the private detective's business did not begin and end in secrecy. He could not live by the little that comes before the public.

As a pendant to these observations, we quote from a few advertisements, which, though they may be issued by private detectives of the most honourable character, suggest that their disappearance from the public prints would be rather to the public advantage than otherwise. They do not seem perfectly wholesome—

SO-AND-SO'S DETECTIVES.—When there is a mysterious person in the household, or a mystery to be unravelled, secure the aid of a male or female detective of unsuspicious appearance. Private addresses secretly obtained by lady detectives.

THINGUMY'S DETECTIVES (MALE and FEMALE) for SECRET WATCHINGS, ascertaining where people go, what they do, the company they keep, whether the club is responsible for late hours, and if shopping alone occupies so much time.

A week or two ago it was announced by advertisement that one of these agency spies (whether male or female was not



THE NEW BAND-STAND ON THE THAMES EMBANKMENT.

which killed poor Mr. Smith at forty or thereabout, and is shortening the life of many a strong lad at this moment. There is too much of racing competition in the little cycling clubs; or, perhaps, it would be more true to say that the passion for it is continued too long in individual cases. It is well to be able to boast of doing so many miles in so many hours; but the youngster who is never satisfied without beating his own previous "record," or who habitually tries to ride up to his recorded best, should understand this: he is in danger of becoming a broken man at fifty and of dying ten years before his time. If he feels that he must rattle on, let him, at any rate, get permission from his doctor at reasonable intervals, and begin by suspecting the assumption that physical power is always accompanied by a corresponding degree of organic strength. That it is not. A high and delightful rate of speed can be got from a bicycle without exhausting effort, and that should be enough; the striving to go faster and farther than ever is in most cases a perilous folly. One of the prettiest sights on a sunny morning in the great roads out of London is the flock of young men who go gaily out into the country on their "machines." Not so grateful a sight is their return; so many of them show by their pale, distressful faces that they have violently overdone it, and there will probably be a doleful bill to meet when it comes to maturity some years hence.

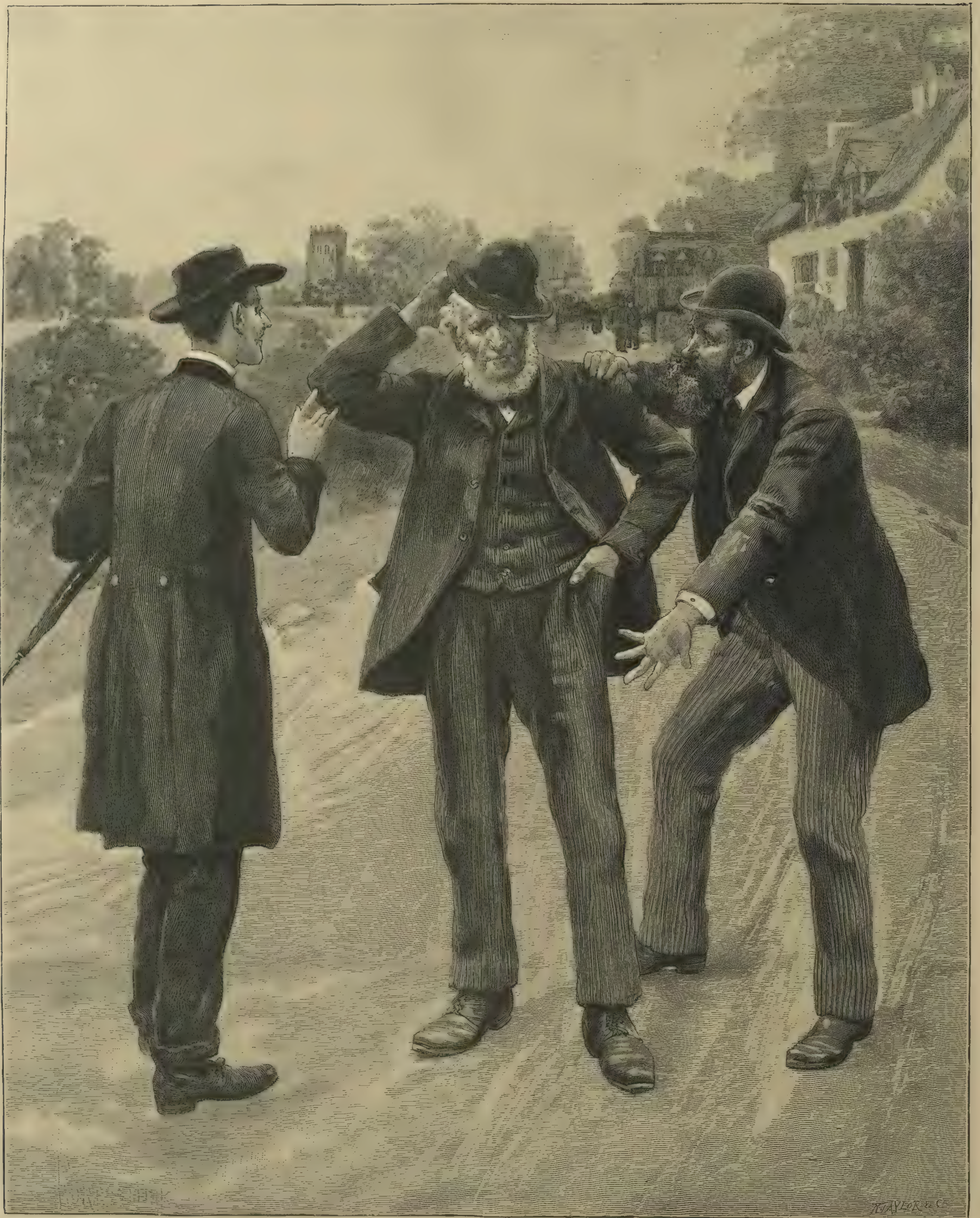
We have no Detective Pinkertons in England, no private police agencies on so magnificent a scale that not only single spies but armed battalions are kept on hand for the use of any lady or gentleman who can afford to pay for their services. The detective agencies of Great Britain are much more modest in scope, much less mediæval in character; but it does not follow from these circumstances that we have any reason to be proud of them. In its own exclusively sneaking way, our limited system is capable of abuse quite as much as Citizen Pinkerton's, and, indeed, there is no likelihood that the business of "private inquiry" is worked quite innocently. To be of that opinion it was not at all necessary to credit the insinuations directed against an employé of one of these agencies the other day. There are dishonourable men in all professions, we know; and why, then, should not honourable persons be found in the basest? But though Private Detective A and Private Detective Z may be able to swear that the ladies and gentlemen in their employment are all of the most high-toned description, we are not going to accept the same assurance from the whole fraternity. Of course, it is possible to carry on a private

stated) would take passage by a certain well-known steamship to New York. Consider the feelings of this unknown individual's fellow-passengers when they read the announcement!

By some theorists China was credited with the dissemination of the influenza plague, which did seem to travel from the Flowery Land into Russia soon after the great Yellow River broke from its banks, inundating a vast tract of country and drowning hundreds of villages. Whether by mere coincidence of time or otherwise, the pest came after the flood; and it was immediately prophesied that cholera would follow upon the pest. Now, it happens that most of the plagues that ravaged England in the fourteenth century (and there were at least seven or eight distinctive visitations, including the terror called the Black Death) were preceded by heavy rains and floods, pouring upon land which was not drained as it is now; and it further happens that the Chinese annals of that period record wide and destructive inundations, followed by pestilence. This seems to countenance the view of the theorists aforesaid. Before the Black Death appeared in England there was a fall of rain that lasted for months almost without intermission: so say the historians.

NEW BAND-STAND, THAMES EMBANKMENT.

That pleasant section of the public gardens on the Victoria Embankment which lies east of Charing Cross railway station, and which contains a picturesque fragment of architectural antiquity, the Water-gate of old York House, is one of the most agreeable retreats from what Hood called "The daily bustle and the noise, The busy Strand enjoys." Many years ago, before the Embankment was constructed, some artists and authors chose a quiet abode at the lower end of Buckingham Street, or thereabouts, where the riverside scene which Canaletto once painted, with the sequestered little avenue of trees, afforded a view then certainly less delightful, within our recollection, than the present enclosed gardens and the broad, stately, all but magnificent roadway along the artificial bank of the Thames. The London County Council has been well advised in appointing this place for the summer musical performances which enliven popular leisure hours on certain evenings or afternoons. A new band-stand, erected for this purpose, is a promising sign of the increasing regard for means of public recreation in this great London of ours, and will be appreciated by many people.



THE GENERAL ELECTION: THE PERPLEXED VOTER.



"AT SULTAN AHMED'S FOUNTAIN IN CONSTANTINOPLE."—AFTER R. ERNST.

IN THE SALON DES CHAMPS ELYSEES.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

The grouse season will soon be upon us, and I strongly advise all who are interested in the health and welfare of that bird, regarded as a commercial commodity or otherwise, to procure Dr. Klein's recently published work on "Grouse Disease" (Macmillan). It is a treatise which the lay reader will be able fully to appreciate, and I make bold to say it will be found to throw light on a matter which, as most people know, has formed the subject of endless disputes. Dr. Klein has been working at the subject for the past five years, and now gives to the world the result of his researches, not only on the too familiar disease of grouse, but also on an ailment ("fowl enteritis") which is highly fatal to domesticated birds, and on "cramps," this last an infectious disorder affecting young pheasants. Once again the "omnipresent germ" comes to the front as the cause of these bird maladies. Dr. Klein is one of our highest authorities in germ science, and his remarks are therefore to be read and studied with the respect we owe to the opinions of a qualified expert.

It so happens that personally I have taken a deep interest in grouse disease. More years ago than I care to reckon up, I read a paper on this subject before the Medico-Chirurgical Society of Edinburgh, the paper being afterwards published in the *Edinburgh Medical Journal*. I had spent part of a holiday, when I was a medical student, dissecting all the diseased grouse I could lay my hands upon, and they were many. The result of my investigations may be summed up in the statement that I found in diseased birds marked inflammation of the digestive system, and also of the lungs. I came to the conclusion years ago that my late friend Dr. Cobbold was wrong in saying that grouse disease was due to parasites, for the reason that you can hardly find a healthy grouse which does not act as host to numbers of worms. Dr. Farquharson, at the time I speak of, had declared himself in favour of the idea that grouse disease was an epidemic and infectious fever. As the result of my own researches, I followed suit, and declared my belief that the ailment was an infectious inflammatory fever, characterised by severe inflammation of the mucous membrane of throat, windpipe, and lungs.

In those days, I need hardly say, the germ theory was in its infancy, in so far as practical work goes. Bacteriology was a science yet to be born. Curiously enough, I made my appearance, a few months ago, in the witness-box of the Court of Session, Edinburgh, in a case in which an English gentleman sued the owner of a moor to recover the rent he had paid for the moor, on the ground that he could practically get no birds. In the course of my cross-examination, I detailed once again my belief in the infectious nature of grouse disease, and I hazarded the opinion that bacteriology would reveal the true nature of the ailment. I did not then know of Dr. Klein's researches, and his book, therefore, comes to me personally as a very welcome addition to my library, the more so because Dr. Klein is kind enough to cite my previous researches, and to say that, in his opinion, Dr. Farquharson's view and mine seem to him "the best to harmonise with the facts."

In a diseased grouse the lungs are the seat of the chief changes, and the liver comes in for its share of diseased action, as also do the kidneys of the bird. In the blood of the heart and lung Dr. Klein could detect no germs; so that he had to look elsewhere for the microscopic enemies of the grouse. When the actual tissue of lung or liver was examined, the case was very different. Bacteria of one and the same species were abundantly found; so that, as Dr. Klein tells us, the lung and liver of the birds that are affected with the disease in the spring and early summer contain a definite species of bacteria, which form plugs in many of the smallest or capillary blood-vessels. Cultivating these germs in appropriate media, Dr. Klein was enabled to make out their characters. These colonies at first form grey angular dots, and then rapidly spread in breadth. In a week or so, these growing colonies attain the height of their growth. No movement is seen as a rule, but here and there a germ may be seen in movement, spinning round and round or darting in the field of the microscope. If fresh, the number of moving germs is greater than when they have stood for a time in the culture solution. This result, Dr. Klein thinks, is due to the fact that, as a consequence of their growth, they produce some chemical substance fatal to their motility.

In the fresh blood of grouse, dead in summer and in late autumn, Dr. Klein says, bacteria are always present, some few being mobile. When other birds or animals are inoculated with these germs—e.g., yellow-ammers, buntings, mice, and guinea-pigs—active moving germs are found in their blood. That the disease caused by this germ is infectious, is proved by the readiness with which it can be conveyed to the birds just named, and in whose bodies the characteristic germs, of course, reappear as the new generation which has sprung from the old. But it does not seem to be conveyed by food, for experiments in this direction failed, probably because the gastric juice of the bird's stomach destroys the microbe, a fact paralleled in humanity, whose healthy gastric juice is believed to render inert the cholera bacillus. It is through the lungs that the grouse become infected. This is as might well be supposed from what we see in the lungs of deceased birds. Healthy birds placed in a cage beside an inoculated bird took the disease. It is clear the breath of the latter must have contaminated its healthy neighbours. Two wire cages were placed side by side. One contained an ammer affected by grouse disease by inoculation. In the other cage were six healthy ammers. The two cages were covered with one cloth. Result: all the six birds developed the disease after two days, and died the following day.

I need not follow Dr. Klein through his laborious researches and through the chain of arguments whereby he shows how the grouse disease is propagated and spread. But he tells us that the disease may linger on through the winter, and light up in the following spring; while he teaches also that the germ is less virulent in the autumn than in the spring. This fact he would utilise by making cultures of the weaker autumnal germs, wherewith inoculation might be practised on grouse, and thus protect them against the disease. Inoculation of young grouse on the moors might thus prevent them from taking the epidemic at all. This is the logical outcome of the research, and it remains to be seen if this, as Dr. Klein thinks, is practicable. Drying the germs, and heating them to 60 deg. centigrade for five minutes, kills them; but it is still possible that in a dried mass of the bacilli some will remain active. His great remedy is "stamping out." All grouse affected in any way should be at once destroyed and their bodies burnt. Burning the heather he thinks a procedure to be commended, and it is in the autumn and winter, as things are, that a sharp look-out should be kept for ailing birds, which must be sacrificed for the good and welfare of the next generation.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

HERWARD.—Your problem gives a favourable first impression, and shall be further examined.

DRAYTON (CLARA).—The problem was so completely wrong that the credit of solving it was a doubtful honour. We, however, include your name among the solvers.

ISOMONY.—The problem is printed as a two-mover, and its inaccuracy already acknowledged.

H. EDWARDS (Chelsea).—There is no use in sending us problems that have been already published. We presume, moreover, you do not represent it as your own.

MARTIN P. (Glasgow).—We quite fail to see the advantage of the line suggested; but in any case the game is not worth publishing.

M. BURKE (Hampstead).—Your question is one that we do not care to answer.

CHEVALIER DESANGES.—Thanks for amended version. You may expect a report shortly.

F. FREEMAN.—Neither side can be compelled to do anything different, and the game, in consequence, is drawn.

C. J. CORNELIS (Rotterdam).—2. Kt to K 5th, and 3. Kt or P takes P. Mate.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 2503 to 2505 received from William Allnut (Richmond, Tasmania); of No. 2506 from Miss Gilmore (Bhangan); of No. 2511 from It. Syer (California); of No. 2513 from An Old Lady (Paterson, U.S.A.) and J. W. Shaw (Montreal); of No. 2515 from P. H. Gibbs, Columbus, N. E. J. Gibbs, and C. M. A. B.; of No. 2516 from F. R. Barratt (Northampton), Charles Burnett, John G. Grant, W. R. H. (Plymouth), J. Halliday Cave, J. M. Grettton (Boulogne), Dr. Waltz (Heidelberg), E. J. Gibbs, jun., and Percy R. Gibbs.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2517 received from John G. Grant, E. E. P. Martin P., Dr. P. St. J. Halliday Cave, Shadforth, Charles Burnett, C. M. A. B., I. Schlu (Vienna), Joseph Wilcock (Chester), J. P. Moon, A. Newman, Monty, Blair H. Cochran (Clever), T. C. D. C., J. Rosa (Whitley), Sorrento (Dawlish), Mrs. Kelly (of Kelly), Julia Short (Barb), J. Coad, R. H. Brooks, Anna Downes (Dorchester), Odium Club, G. Joyce, H. S. Brandreth, Ralph Richardson, John Hodgson (Madstone), Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), J. Neumann, W. R. B. (Plymouth), Rev. R. W. Winters (Canterbury), Lieut-Colonel Loran (Brighton), N. Harris, C. E. Perugini, T. Roberts, J. Bell, W. Vincent, L. Desanges, Hereward, Isomony, H. B. Hurd, Dr. Waltz (Ostend), R. Loudon, Bluet, E. Casella (Paris), W. Wright, J. C. Ireland, G. T. Hughes (Waterford), and P. P. Leyden (Galway).

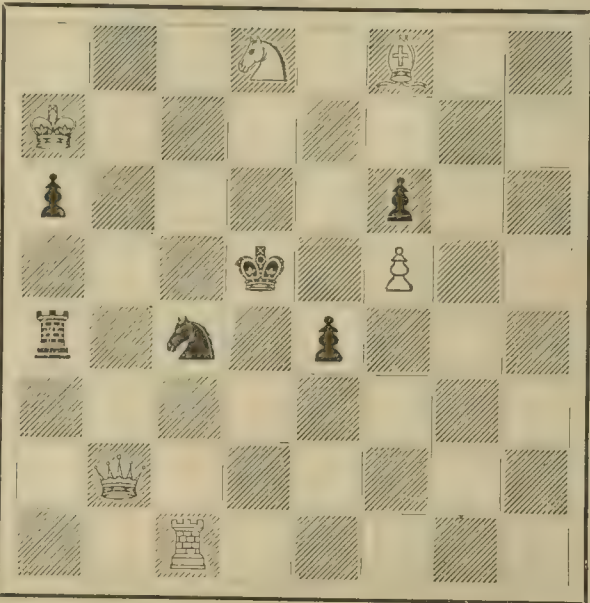
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2515.—By Mrs. W. J. BAIRD.

WHITE.
1. R to R 5th
2. Mates.
BLACK.
Any move

PROBLEM No. 2519.

By J. S. THORNS.

BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play, and mate in two moves.

CHESS IN LONDON.

Game played in the match between the CITY OF LONDON CLUB and ST. GEORGE'S.
(Vienna Opening.)

WHITE (Mr. Jackson.)	BLACK (Mr. Loman.)	WHITE (Mr. Jackson.)	BLACK (Mr. Loman.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	on both wings, and Black can carry on his attack with comfort and leisure.	
2. Kt to Q 3rd	B to B 4th		
3. P to B 4th		9. P takes P	P takes P
Frequently played, but a less open and risky variation for those not well up in this difficult opening is P to Kt 3rd and B to Kt 2nd at this point. The last move prevents White from casting so long as the Black K occupies the diagonal, and his game needs the greatest care.		10. Q to K 2nd	R to Kt sq
4. Kt to B 3rd	Kt to K E 5th	11. Kt to Q sq	Kt to R 4th
5. B to B 4th	Kt to B 3rd	12. Kt to B 2nd	P to K B 4th
6. P to Q 3rd	B to K Kt 5th	13. P to Q 3rd	B takes Kt (ch)
7. B to Kt 5th		14. K takes B	
Not good, as it involves opening Black's Kt file. Clearly the Kt must be taken, or it comes to Q 5th. The better move is P to K 3rd at once, and if 7. B takes Kt, 8. Q takes B, Kt to Q 5th, 9. Q to Q sq, as played by Lipschutz in the recent match.		15. P takes P	Q to R 5th (ch)
8. B takes Kt	P takes B	16. K to Kt sq	B takes Kt
The effect is that now White is open		17. P takes B	R to B 3rd
		And wins.	
		The game is full of point, and far more instructive than is usual in so few moves. It is in Mr. Loman's best style.	

The Games of Steinitz and Tschigorin (W. W. Morgan, jun., New Barnet). This collection of games between the two famous antagonists named includes those played in both the Havana tournaments, in the cable match, and in the Vienna and London tournaments of 1882 and 1883 respectively. In all, 45 games were so contested, of which Steinitz has won 21, lost 19, and drawn 5, a result which implies a closer equality of skill on the part of Tschigorin than we are disposed to believe actually exists. The volume constitutes Book 10 of Morgan's shilling "Chess Library," which gives in handy form all the leading games of the period.

The Counties Chess Association has now issued the programme of its meeting at Brighton on Aug. 1. The arrangements are under distinguished patronage, and with strong committees, both general and local, there appears every reason to expect a brilliant success. There will be three classes of players, with prizes assigned to each section, and a competition for ladies, in which is included the holding of the Ladies' Challenge Cup. Entries are to be made on or before July 15, the name of the competitor, with entrance fee, to be sent to the hon. sec., the Rev. A. B. Skipworth, Tetford Rectory, Horncastle.

The progress of chess in Sussex has been so marked that it has of recent years become one of the strongest playing counties in England, and as a compliment to its skill the City Chess Club recently arranged a match in which each side was to be represented at its fullest strength. A team of twenty from London, therefore, visited Brighton on July 2, including most of the best metropolitan amateurs, and a keenly fought struggle resulted. The home team included the amateur champion, Mr. Jones-Bateman, who, however, was the first to succumb, being beaten by Mr. Hooke; but Mr. Wilson drew against Mr. Moriau, and Mr. Mead did the same against Mr. Anger. The close of the play found the visitors victorious by 11½ games to 7½.

TITLEPAGE AND INDEX.

The Titlepage and Index to Engravings of Volume One Hundred (from Jan. 2 to June 25, 1892) of the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS can be had, Gratis, through any Newsagent, or direct from the Publishing Office, 198, Strand, W.C., London.

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THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

The tables dressed for dinner at the Botanic Gardens evening fête were somewhat disappointing this year. There was not one dressed with "the Queen of Flowers." Roses and strawberries are like the youth of man—they end so soon that they should be fully enjoyed while they last; and nothing makes a more delightful table decoration than the rose in any variety and in large quantities. The prevailing error in the tables was the *spreading out* too much of the floral decorations. When looked at with the practical housewife's eye, it was clear that there was not enough room provided for the service of the table in comfort and ease, with room for glasses, condiments, and all those means of dining for which, after all, the table is mainly prepared. The novelty of the season is to have flowers drooping down, cascade fashion, from a tall centrepiece so high and so slender of stem as not to interfere with the view across the table. One such épergne at the Botanic fête had long trails of wisteria falling to the table, intermingled with the pretty green leaves of the common "creeping jenny," while distinction was afforded by the pale yellow roses that dressed the top and base of the ornamental glass. Such a centrepiece can be readily manufactured for home use out of one of the tall trumpet vases that are common enough, with a round glass dish set on the top and another to support the foot of the vase.

Other tables had very tall and slender vases. In one case these were filled entirely with field flowers: poppies, cornflowers, and grasses of many kinds, together with the graceful, drooping, bell-like sprays of oats. The narrow glasses in which these were deftly grouped were of various heights, but even the shorter ones were tall. In fact, the reaction from the very low decorations that we have had for some time appears to be coming in this guise. We are not to return to the heavy and spreading decorations that were wont to conceal the guests from each other across the table; the inevitable swing of Fashion's pendulum is giving slender and tall shape to the floral adornments of the table. A pretty novelty was a series of arches of twisted wire with tiny glass vases fixed on at intervals; flowers were placed in the vases and greenery was twisted along the arches.

Two celebrations of leading educational institutions for women have been held during the past week. Princess Christian presented the prizes at the Royal Holloway College. The Duchess of Bedford performed a similarly graceful task at the Women's Medical School. Among the prize-winners in medicine was Miss Elizabeth Pace, who has taken first-class honours in obstetrics at London University, and carried off the second gold medal. It is an honourable record that already the gold medal—the highest honour given by London University for proficiency in any subject—has been gained by seven women pupils of this school. The students now number 133, and the school has recently received a donation of £1000 from an anonymous friend.

It is also to come in for a considerable sum from the fortune bequeathed by my late friend, Mrs. Emily Pfeiffer, the poetess, to the support of institutions for the benefit of women. Mrs. Pfeiffer's legacy, it is now announced, amounts in all to about £70,000 clear, bequeathed to further the interests of women as workers, of whom she wrote—

Peace to the odalisque, whose morning glory
Is vanishing, to live alone in story;
Firm in her place, a dull-robed figure stands
With wistful eyes and earnest grappling hands—
The working woman, she whose soul and brain,
Her tardy right, are bought with honest pain.

Or, as she said again, in an even more eloquent prose passage: "Woman, rehabilitated by single-handed labour and the responsibility for her own existence, is slowly emerging from her state of tutelage. To the toiling, groaning, almost starving millions of women at work in garrets and cellars are, the children of ease, owe a debt we can never adequately repay. . . . We owe them more than tears for the freedom they are helping us to work out, and for opening our eyes to the criminal side of a system in which we have thoughtlessly acquiesced. To those who stand in a conflict so fierce our strongest support is due; to those who are down, our tenderest regard." It was in pursuance of these deep feelings of sympathy for other women that Emily Pfeiffer (dying childless a few months after the husband whose patient and untiring love had preserved her frail life through many suffering years till he was taken from her) left her entire fortune to help those who should come after her when she had passed to rest from a weary world.

It were to be wished, it seems to me, that some of this bequest, the largest gift ever made to working women, should be expended on providing the means for that education for domestic labour which is so sadly lacking. Mr. George Augustus Sala, in his bright little weekly, has been conducting a discussion on the servant question, and arrives at the conclusion that "the well-to-do middle class suffer most grievously from the plague of insolent, insubordinate, idle, and careless servants. In the course of three years," he says, "I have been so afflicted by drunken and incapable cooks, parlour-maids, and other incompetent 'duffers' that we are thinking of giving up housekeeping altogether." Unfortunately, it is the experience of most middle-class mistresses that decent servants are extremely scarce, although they can command higher wages (all told in) than strong men in many occupations. A scanty choice is offered, not, alas! of clean, active, capable-looking women, with some reasonable record of skilled service in a good place, but of dirty, untidy, or low-looking incapables, most of them advanced in years, and all of whom have been only a month or a few months at a stretch in the service of one despairing employer after another. At the same time we know that women are working at the needle and other more distressing and toilsome occupations for longer hours and for a fourth of the pay that is demanded by these hopelessly incompetent domestic labourers. What does this state of affairs mean?

There must be something specially repellent about domestic service to account for the inferiority of the labourers who pursue it, and I believe that one cause is the impossibility that girls perceive of getting well trained. A bright girl finds that she can deliberately set herself to "learn the machine" or "the dressmaking," or what not, but domestic work she can only learn imperfectly, and that of the lower kind, by going into a common, over-driven "place," where she really is not taught her duties but is accepted at low wages and expected to do excessive drudgery in consideration of her incapacity. If, therefore, I had the disposal of a large sum of money for the benefit of my sex, I would spend it on establishing a great metropolitan school of housewifery, where I would teach every domestic task, including the bearing of proper manners and the wearing of a costume suitable for the work in hand. I would only take young women of fair general education and good intelligence, and would give them certificates at the end of their course, according to their special skill. Two great classes—the women who need work to earn their bread and the women who have arranged already to earn their living by keeping house—would thus be helped.

THE OPENING OF THE LIVERPOOL WATERWORKS.

The visit to Liverpool on July 14 of his Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught, for the purpose of inaugurating the Vyrnwy water supply, makes this an opportune occasion for further reference to the magnificent work by which Liverpool has set the example of obtaining water from mountain



NORTON TOWER.

sources at great distances from the centres of population to be supplied.

Eighty miles from the heart of Liverpool, in one of the sources of the Severn, the water is found, and round the frieze of Norton Tower—a notable work on the now completed aqueduct—we find in terse and striking Latin, reminding us of an Augustan inscription, this record—

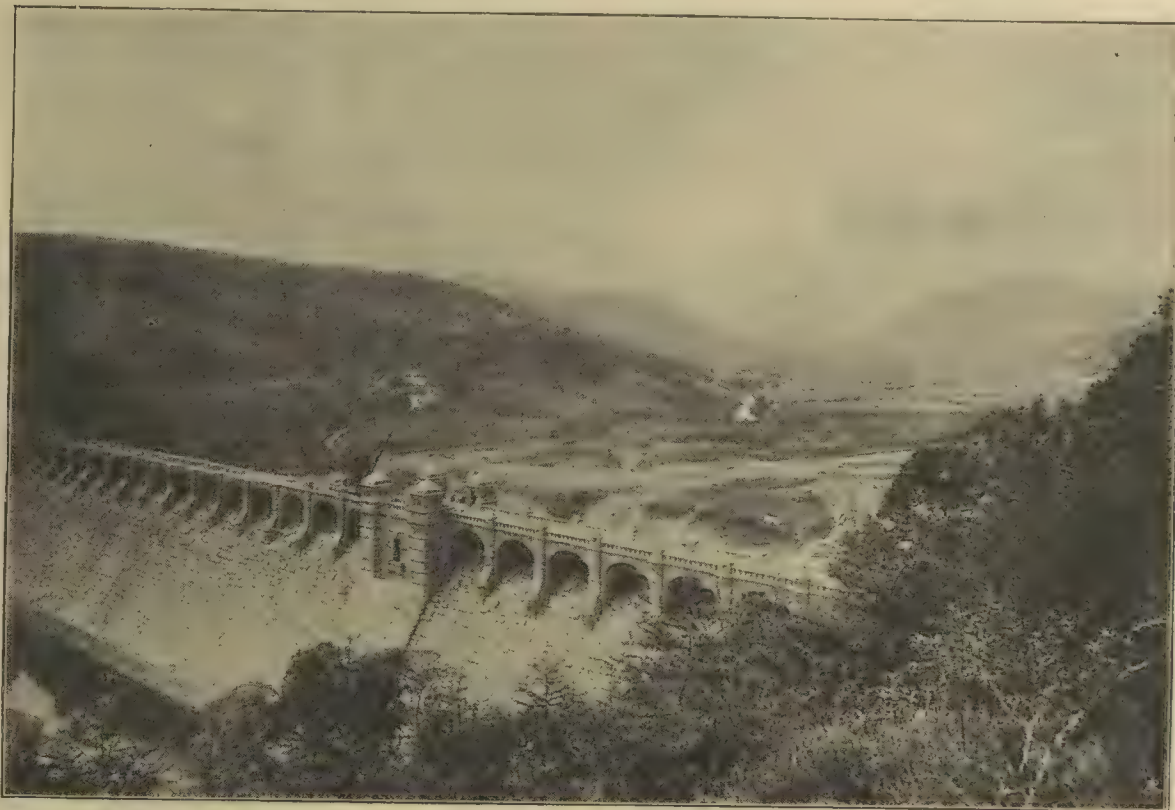
HÆC AQUA
DE SABRINÆ FONTIBUS DERIVATA
LXXXII: PASS: PER ARDUA AC PLANA
CAMBRENSIS ET INTERIACENTIS AGRI
AD URBEM LIVERPOL:
IMPENSIS MUNIC: PERDUCTA EST
A: S:
MDCCCXCII.

At six places along the line of aqueduct, reservoirs are provided to check the accumulation of pressure from the source towards Liverpool. The pressure of water in the main pipes can never exceed that due to the height of the last reservoir it has

left, so that the more the total gradient of the aqueduct is broken up by reservoirs the less must that pressure be. In order that such reservoirs may at once remain charged and not overflow, they must be placed on the hydraulic gradient—that is, at the level at which the water, if in an open sloping trough, would pass the place. In five cases—including that of the old Liverpool service reservoirs at Prescot—the hills reach to the hydraulic gradient. In the sixth—at Norton, in Cheshire—the hill is 110 ft. too low, hence the necessity for a tower. The work, visible from several railways, is imposing in its magnitude, and adds—what a water-tower seldom supplies—a picturesque object to the landscape. Within the upper part of this great tower—80 ft. in diameter—is a steel tank, containing 651,000 gallons of water.

As regards other portions of the aqueduct, we can merely

In our issue of Feb. 23, 1889, we illustrated and described what must always be regarded as the most remarkable part of the undertaking—namely, Lake Vyrnwy, in Montgomeryshire. In the report projecting the scheme, made to the Corporation of Liverpool in 1877, Mr. Deacon stated his belief that the tract of alluvial land—five miles in length—bounded by steep hills, and containing a village, farms, and a parish church, near the head of the river Vyrnwy, was the site of a former lake some four or five miles in length; and this belief has been verified by subsequent investigation. From the geological evidence, it seems to be quite clear that the rock basin was ground out by ice in the glacial epoch. The glacier, after passing through the valley, crossed a harder bar of rock near the mouth of the valley, and, while scouring out the valley to a greater depth, left the harder rock to pen up the



THE VALLEY OF VYRNWY BEFORE IT WAS SUBMERGED.

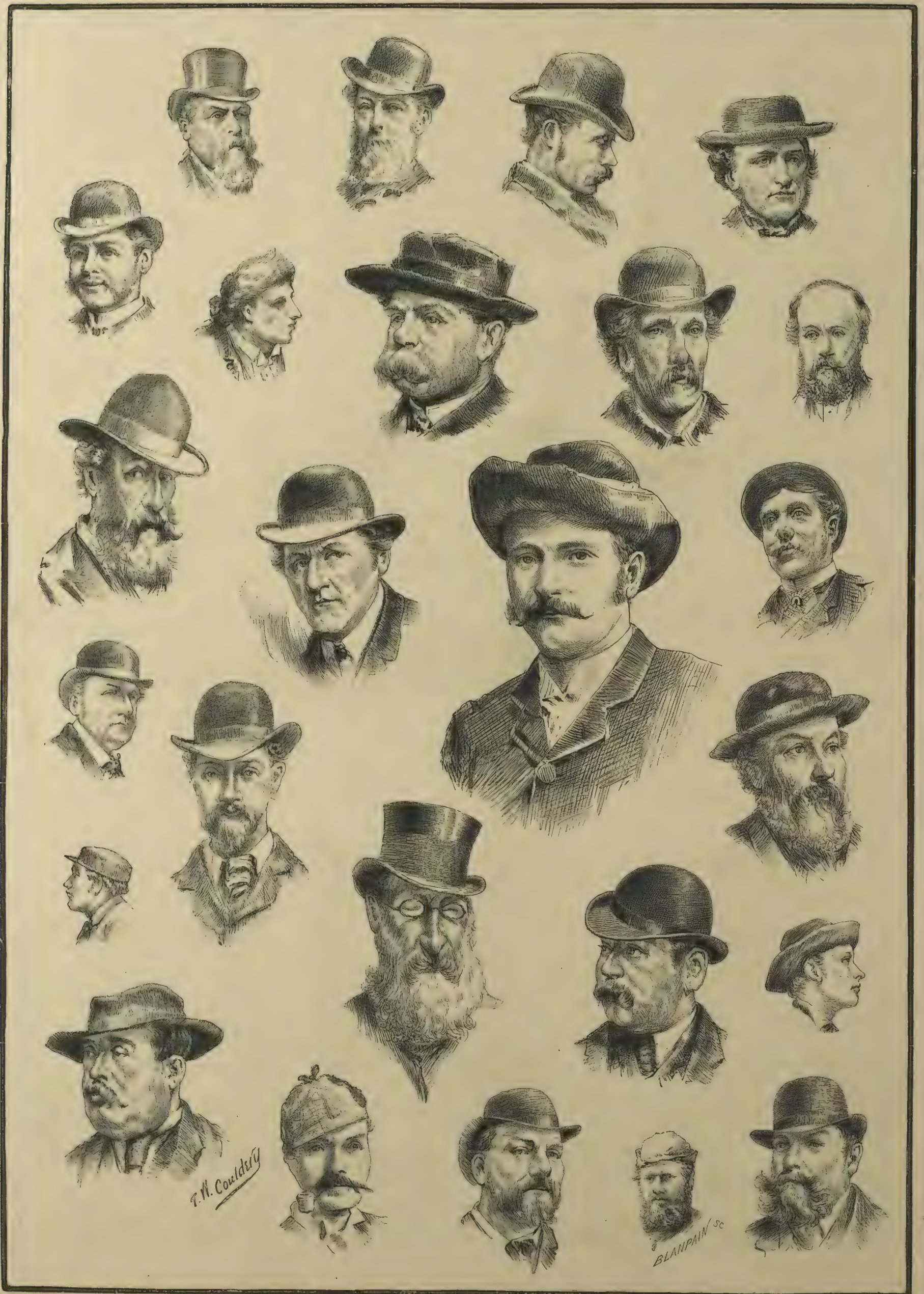
allude to the fact that the completion of the works has been thrown back by difficulties and dangers of a most serious kind in connection with the aqueduct tunnel under the Mersey. This work, having been abandoned by two contractors, was, however, ultimately carried to a successful termination by Mr. Deacon, the engineer of the works.

rainfall after it had disappeared or shrunk to the higher parts of the mountains. Here, then, was the post-glacial lake, which we may picture with the weird monsters of those times, and, later, with neolithic man, whose tools have been found hard by. But, precisely as in numerous other cases of post-glacial lakes, the mountain debris, broken by the frosts and washed down by the greater floods of those days, served in the course of ages to silt up the lake, leaving only the alluvial tract and the winding river behind. There, at a later stage, the village of Llanwddyn grew, and the parish church arose with its records of Elizabethan times; and now all these have passed away and are replaced by another lake—the largest in Wales—filling the beautiful mountain basin as if it had lain there from the beginning. In ten years the hand of man has restored what Nature in countless ages performed and in other countless ages obliterated; and this work of man has been done with no sign of modern vandalism, but, on the contrary, with every regard for the beautiful in nature as in art.

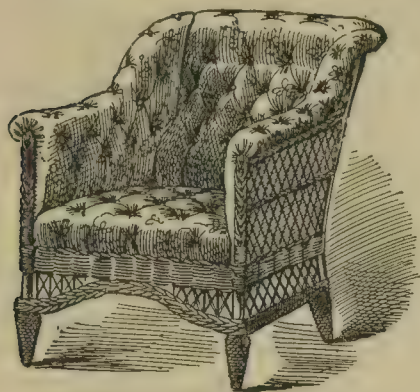
Lake Vyrnwy is about five miles long, and contains more than thirteen thousand million gallons of water. When the lake is overflowing, the great masonry dam is a wonderful sight, and the beautiful tower, at which the water is drawn off and strained, adds greatly to the remarkably fine view from the windows of the hotel now overlooking the lake.

MR. GEORGE F. DEACON.
Engineer-in-Chief, Liverpool Waterworks.

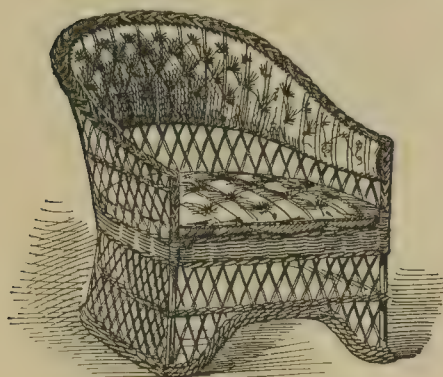
THE LAKE OF VYRNWY.



SKETCHES AT THE POLLING-BOOTH: FREE AND INDEPENDENT ELECTORS.

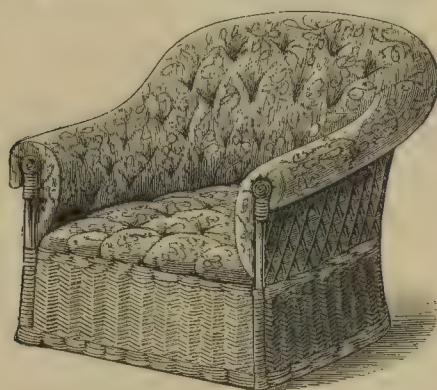


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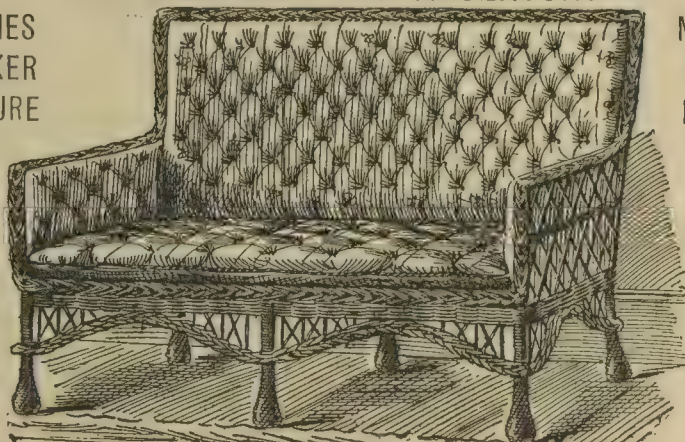
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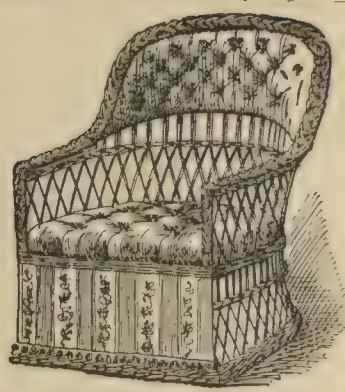
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SETTEES



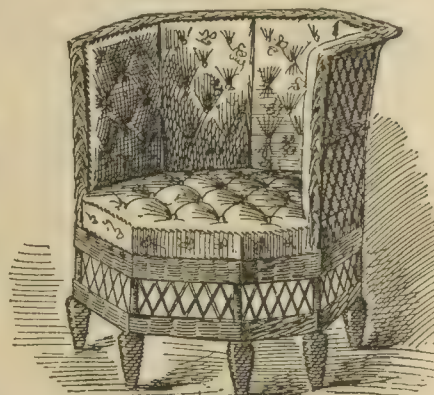
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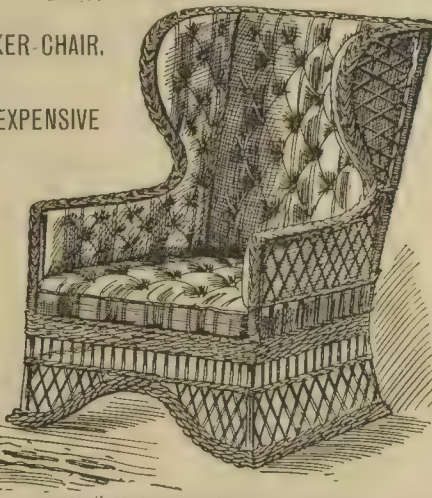


THE "OCTAGON" CHAIR.
Brown wicker, with cushion in artistic tapestry, seat 17 in. high, £1 5s. 6d.

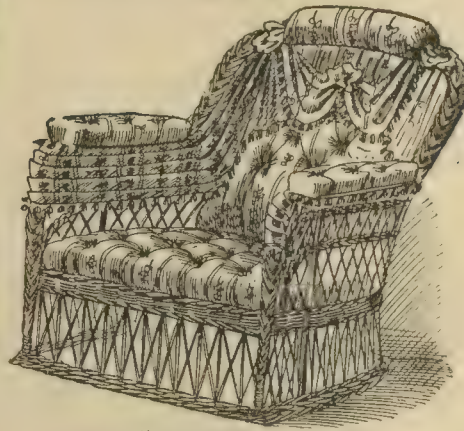
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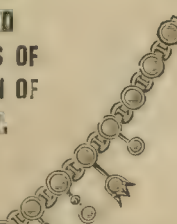
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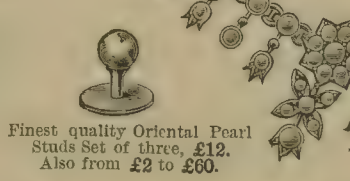


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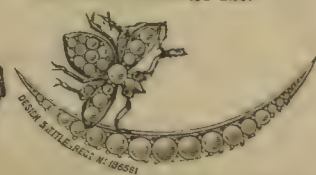
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MUSIC.

The operatic novelties have been succeeding each other with bewildering rapidity. Three nights after the production of "Elaine" at Covent Garden, Sir Augustus Harris gave us for the first time in this country Victor Nessler's famous light opera "Der Trompeter von Säkkingen." This interesting event took place at Drury Lane on Friday, July 8, and, judging by the spirit with which the opera was performed, the German artists enjoyed the task of interpreting it as though it were one of their revered master's most admired chefs d'œuvre. It is the general opinion, however, that the impresario imposed a somewhat severe test upon Nessler's opera by thus bringing it into immediate contrast with German works of an altogether heavier calibre. If "Der Trompeter von Säkkingen" is to obtain anything like the success here that it has been enjoying for the past eight years in its own land, it will only be by means of a performance in the vernacular, and upon the more limited stage of one of our comic opera theatres. The folks who heard it at Drury Lane the other night were not even furnished with an English translation of the text, and it is more than likely that half of them were unable to make head or tail of the plot. These are not precisely the conditions best calculated to ensure success for a light work crammed full of musical dialogue and comedy intrigue. The fact that it did, in spite of the disadvantage in question, secure a highly favourable, not to say enthusiastic, reception leads us to believe that "Der Trompeter" stands an excellent chance of one day earning popularity over here.

The libretto by Rudolf Bunge is, we need hardly say, based upon Victor von Scheffel's celebrated poem, the leading features of which (including not a few of its favourite lyrics) are reproduced with considerable skill and effect. The scene of the prelude is laid at Heidelberg, where a chorus of students, after a drinking bout, serenade the Princess-Electress, and one of their number, Werner Kirchhofer, performs a trumpet solo in the hearing of Conradin, one of the imperial trumpeters, who tries, without success, to persuade him to enlist. Amid the hubbub that ensues, the Rector Magnificus of the University appears and punishes the whole of the noisy students by forthwith expelling them. Werner, who is a son of unknown parents, seeing his hopes of distinction thus suddenly blighted, alters his mind and accepts Conradin's offer. The first act takes place at Säkkingen, on the Rhine, on the day of a festival in honour of St. Fridolin. Here we see the lovely young Baroness Maria, niece of the Freiherr, protected from some insulting peasants by Werner, who receives his reward in the shape of an appointment to the post of private trumpeter to the Freiherr.

Needless to add that the young people have been much

impressed by each other's good looks, and are already tolerably in love; nor do they fail to make the most of the opportunities afforded by the music lessons which the handsome ex-student has to give to his youthful mistress. The state of affairs, however, is speedily discovered, and Werner is dismissed from the castle just as Maria's destined husband, a son of the Count von Wildenstein, arrives with his father to sign the marriage contract. In the third act, the castle is besieged by the discontented peasants, and the bridegroom is chosen to lead the assault against them; but he proves himself an arrant coward, and the task is undertaken by Werner, who speedily wins the day. But even now matters might not go smoothly for the lovers were it not for the discovery of a certain mole upon Werner's arm, which proves him to be the long-lost son of the Countess von Wildenstein, whereupon he is, of course, immediately accepted as Maria's husband.

It would be a work of supererogation to enter into a detailed description of Nessler's tuneful music, but we may at once say that we prefer it infinitely to the same composer's "Piper of Hamelin." It has more character and "go," and the concerted pieces especially are of a much more interesting and effective type. The male choruses of the prelude are capably written, and the orchestration, if not particularly elaborate, is, at any rate, bright and pleasing. The best-known number in the opera is Werner's "Farewell," and this was sung with admirable feeling by Herr Reichmann, who sustained at Drury Lane a part with which his name is more closely associated than that of any other artist in Germany. The performance was in every respect of remarkable merit. Fräulein Bettaque made a delightfully piquant representative of the impulsive Maria, and sang her music with notable fluency and charm. Herr Wiegand, as the Freiherr, revealed unsuspected talent as a comedian, giving a really humorous embodiment of the testy old gentleman. Fräulein Heink furnished a similar surprise in the rôle of the Countess; while the minor characters were in thoroughly capable hands. The band and chorus, under the guidance of Herr Feld, performed their work with all the requisite precision and spirit, and the mise en scène gave entire satisfaction, the ballet-pantomime of the second act being extremely well done.

At Covent Garden the course of events has been running rather less smoothly than usual owing to the renewed indisposition of M. Jean de Reszke. The second performance of "Elaine" did not on this account take place when announced, and another opera had to be substituted; in fact, the distinguished tenor found himself so completely hors de combat that he decided to sing no more this summer, and, by his doctor's advice, left London to seek repose and restored health at Mont Dore. His departure robs the concluding nights of the season of much of their brilliancy, but, fortunately, it comes too late to harm the

enterprise in a financial sense. On Monday, July 11, "Don Giovanni" was given for the second time, with an alteration of cast, Mlle. Sigrid Arnoldson appearing as Zerlina, and Madame Giulia Valda as Donna Anna; and we may also take note of a performance of "Aida" in the previous week, in which Miss Marguerite Macintyre sang the titular character with marked success, the cast further including Mlle. Giulia Ravogli, M. Dimitresco, M. Maurel, M. Plançon, and M. Edouard de Reszke.

The concert season is gradually drawing to a close. The last pianoforte recital has actually been given, M. Reisenauer having brought up the rear with his second recital on Saturday, July 9. A few miscellaneous concerts alone remain to complete the long list of fixtures that has extended in a more or less unbroken chain over the last ten months. A capital concert was that given by the popular Madame Liebhart at the Lyric Club on Tuesday, July 12. The bénéficiaire did not herself take part in the programme; she is now content to shine on these occasions by the reflected light of her pupils, among whom Miss Schidrowitz is a talented example. This clever young singer gave a charming rendering of Delibes' "Les Filles de Cadix" and Schubert's "Wohin," winning loud applause in each instance from the crowded audience. Mr. Eugene Oudin and Mr. Ben Davies were encored in their songs, and a similar compliment was paid to Madame Thénard after her admirable recitation. Much appreciated also were the efforts of Miss Pauline Joran, Miss Florence Monteith, Madame Lieban, Madame Richard, Madame Reuschewitz, Miss Meisslinger, Mr. Lawrence Kellie, Mr. Walter Clifford, Mr. Copland, Mlle. Janotha, and M. Johannes Wolff.

The Duchess of Albany, on July 8, at Westminster Town-hall, presented the prizes to students of the Royal School of the Greycoat Hospital, in which three hundred girls are educated, and which is the oldest foundation-school for girls in London.

The new street from the Angel at Islington to the Holborn Townhall, Gray's Inn Road, called Rosebery Avenue, was opened on Saturday, July 9, by the Deputy Chairman of the London County Council. It is 1173 yards long, straight and broad, with a subway under it for laying gas and water mains and electric wires. It has cost £353,000, but part of this expenditure will be recovered by the sale of land.

A French Mediterranean steamer, the Maréchal Canrobert, bringing mails and passengers from Algeria, on July 7, was approaching Marseilles when it met the French naval squadron of ten or twelve ironclads manœuvring, imprudently crossed their path, and was run down by the Hoche, which cut the unlucky ship asunder. Four or five passengers, two being soldiers, were drowned.

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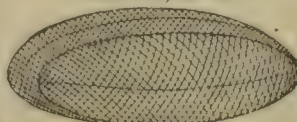
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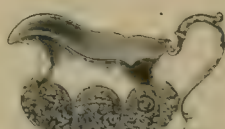
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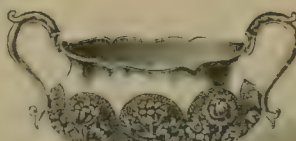
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The steamers will be navigated through the "Inner Lead"—i.e., inside the fringe of islands off the coast of Norway—thus securing smooth water, and will visit some of the finest fjords. On the first of above trips the North Cape will be reached while the sun is above the horizon at midnight.
The GARONNE and CHIMBORAZO are fitted with electric light, electric bells, hot and cold baths, &c.
Managers: F. GREX and Co., Head Offices, Fenchurch Street, London. For passage apply to the latter firm at 5, Fenchurch Avenue, E.C.; or to the Branch Office, 16, Cockspur St., Charing Cross, S.W.

A REAL SEA BATH IN YOUR OWN

ROOM. TIDMAN'S SEA SALT.
Patronised by the Royal Family.
Should be used in every case of Debility, Rheumatism, &c.; and for all children in the Daily Bath. Nothing so fortifies and invigorates the constitution, Wholesome, Delic., 21, Wilson Street, London, E.C. To avoid worthless and injurious substitutes, ask for Tidman's.

SUMMER SERVICE OF TRAINS TO

SCOTLAND BY THE WEST COAST (L. and N.W. and Cal. Rys.). ROYAL MAIL ROUTE.—ADDITIONAL AND ACCELERATED EXPRESS SERVICE FROM LONDON TO THE HIGHLAND RAILWAY AND THE GALLAGHER AND OBAN LINE.
—Afternoon Express with Dining Saloons, London and Glasgow.—LONDON and NORTH-WESTERN and CALLEDONIAN RAILWAYS.—The following ADDITIONAL ACCELERATED TRAIN SERVICE is now in operation; 1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class by all trains—

WEEKDAYS.													
Leave	1 m	1 m	a n.	a n.	p n.	A	A					A	
London	3 15	7 15	10 30	10 30	2	7 30	8 15	9 50	9 10	10 12			
(Euston)													
Arrive													
Edinburgh													
(Pr. St.)	3 55	7 50	6 30	8 10	10 55	Note.	Note.		6 50	9 37	12 22		
Glasgow						Note.	Note.						
(Central)	3 50	6	6 45	8 9 11	0			6 30		9 18	12 27		
Greenock	4 37	7 18	7 36	9 16				7 45		10 40	1 40		
Gourock	4 37	7 18	7 45	9 16				7 45		10 50	1 50		
Oban	8 45	—	—	—	4 45	9 25	9 25	12 15	2 34	6 25			
Perth	5 45	—	—	8 20	12 20	5 37	5 52	8 15	11 15	3 15	6 25		
Inverness													
via													
Dundee	—	—	6 10	6 10	10 40	1 5	—	2 45	6 5	10 5			
Dundee	7 15	—	—	—	8 5	7 30	—	9 37	12 5	6 40			
Aberdeen	J 8	—	10 55	3 5	8 5	8 5	—	11 40	2 50	6 20			
Inverness													
via													
Aberdeen	—	—	—	—	10 10	1 35	1 35	6 50	10 50	4 40			

Dining Saloons for 1st Class passengers are run on the 2 p.m. Express from London to Glasgow.

The 7.50 p.m. Express from Euston to Perth will run from July 18 to Aug. 10 inclusive (Saturday and Sunday nights excepted). The Highland Company will take this train forward specially from Perth in advance of the Mail, so as to reach Inverness at 10.40 a.m.

On Saturday nights the 2.50, 9, and 10 p.m. trains from Euston do not convey passengers to stations marked * (Sunday mornings in Scotland).

* Arrives at Inverness at 1.30 p.m. on Sundays.

A—The 8 p.m. Highland Express and the 12 night train will run every night (except Saturdays).

The 8 p.m. Express will be divided from Aug. 3 to Aug. 10, a relief train being run in advance for Perth and the Highland Line, leaving Euston at 7.55 p.m., on Aug. 27. Full particulars will be given in the "Illustrated London News."

On Saturdays, passengers by the 10.50 a.m. and 2 p.m. trains from London are not conveyed beyond Perth by the Highland Railway, and only as far as Aberdeen by the Caledonian Railway.

Carriages with Lavatory Accommodation are run on the principal Express Trains between London and Scotland, without extra charge.

Improved Sleeping-Saloons, accompanied by an attendant, are run on the night trains between London, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Greenock, Stranraer, Perth, and Aberdeen. Extra charge, 3s. for each berth.

A Special Train will leave Euston (Saturdays and Sundays excepted) at 6.20 p.m., from July 11 to Aug. 10, inclusive, for the conveyance of horses and private carriages only to all parts of Scotland. A special carriage for the conveyance of dogs will be attached to this train.

Additional trains from Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester, and other towns will connect with the above trains.
For further particulars see the Companies' time-bills.
G. FINDLAY, General Manager, L. & N.W. Railway.
J. THOMPSON, General Manager, Caledonian Railway.
July 1892.

SUMMER HOLIDAYS.

TOURS TO WEST COAST AND FJORDS OF

NORWAY and to ST. PETERSBURG. Quickest and Cheapest Route. The first-class Steamers ST. SUNNIVA and ST. ROGNVALD leave LEITH and ABERDEEN for TWELVE-DAY CRUISES on July 16, July 23, July 30, Aug. 6, Aug. 13, Aug. 20, and ST. SUNNIVA to COPENHAGEN, ST. PETERSBURG, &c., on Aug. 27. Full particulars and Handbills, 3d. each, may be had from W. A. Malcolm, 102, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.; Sewell and Crowther, 18, Cockspur Street, Charing Cross, S.W.; Cook and Sons, Ludgate Circus, E.C., and all Branches; George Hourston, 64, Constitution Street, Leith; and Charles Merrylees, Northern Steam Wharf, Aberdeen.

D'ALMAINE and CO.—PIANOS AND

ORGANS. Fifty per cent. discount. Ten years' warranty. Easy terms. Cottage Pianos 8 guineas, 10 guineas, 12 guineas, &c. Approval, carriage free.
Class 1, 17 guineas. Class 2, 23 guineas. Class 3, 33 guineas. Class 4, 43 guineas. Class 5, 53 guineas. Class 6, 63 guineas. Class 7, 73 guineas. Class 8, 83 guineas. Class 9, 93 guineas. Class 10, 103 guineas. Class 11, 113 guineas. Class 12, 123 guineas. Class 13, 133 guineas. Class 14, 143 guineas. Class 15, 153 guineas. Class 16, 163 guineas. Class 17, 173 guineas. Class 18, 183 guineas. Class 19, 193 guineas. Class 20, 203 guineas. Class 21, 213 guineas. Class 22, 223 guineas. Class 23, 233 guineas. Class 24, 243 guineas. Class 25, 253 guineas. Class 26, 263 guineas. Class 27, 273 guineas. Class 28, 283 guineas. Class 29, 293 guineas. Class 30, 303 guineas. Class 31, 313 guineas. Class 32, 323 guineas. Class 33, 333 guineas. Class 34, 343 guineas. Class 35, 353 guineas. Class 36, 363 guineas. Class 37, 373 guineas. Class 38, 383 guineas. Class 39, 393 guineas. Class 40, 403 guineas. Class 41, 413 guineas. Class 42, 423 guineas. Class 43, 433 guineas. Class 44, 443 guineas. Class 45, 453 guineas. Class 46, 463 guineas. Class 47, 473 guineas. Class 48, 483 guineas. Class 49, 493 guineas. Class 50, 503 guineas. Class 51, 513 guineas. Class 52, 523 guineas. Class 53, 533 guineas. Class 54, 543 guineas. Class 55, 553 guineas. Class 56, 563 guineas. Class 57, 573 guineas. Class 58, 583 guineas. Class 59, 593 guineas. Class 60, 603 guineas. Class 61, 613 guineas. Class 62, 623 guineas. Class 63, 633 guineas. Class 64, 643 guineas. Class 65, 653 guineas. Class 66, 663 guineas. Class 67, 673 guineas. Class 68, 683 guineas. Class 69, 693 guineas. Class 70, 703 guineas. Class 71, 713 guineas. Class 72, 723 guineas. Class 73, 733 guineas. Class 74, 743 guineas. Class 75, 753 guineas. Class 76, 763 guineas. Class 77, 773 guineas. Class 78, 783 guineas. Class 79, 793 guineas. Class 80, 803 guineas. Class 81, 813 guineas. Class 82, 823 guineas. Class 83, 833 guineas. Class 84, 843 guineas. Class 85, 853 guineas. Class 86, 863 guineas. Class 87, 873 guineas. Class 88, 883 guineas. Class 89, 893 guineas. Class 90, 903 guineas. Class 91, 913 guineas. Class 92, 923 guineas. Class 93, 933 guineas. Class 94, 943 guineas. Class 95, 953 guineas. Class 96, 963 guineas. Class 97, 973 guineas. Class 98, 983 guineas. Class 99, 993 guineas. Class 100, 1003 guineas. Class 101, 1013 guineas. Class 102, 1023 guineas. Class 103, 1033 guineas. Class 104, 1043 guineas. Class 105, 1053 guineas. Class 106, 1063 guineas. Class 107, 1073 guineas. Class 108, 1083 guineas. Class 109, 1093 guineas. Class 110, 1103 guineas. Class 111, 1113 guineas. Class 112, 1123 guineas. Class 113, 1133 guineas. Class 114, 1143 guineas. Class 115, 1153 guineas. Class 116, 1163 guineas. Class 117, 1173 guineas. Class 118, 1183 guineas. Class 119, 1193 guineas. Class 120, 1203 guineas. Class 121, 1213 guineas. Class 122, 1223 guineas. Class 123, 1233 guineas. Class 124, 1243 guineas. Class 125, 1253 guineas. Class 126, 1263 guineas. Class 127, 1273 guineas. Class 128, 1283 guineas. Class 129, 1293 guineas. Class 130, 1303 guineas. Class 131, 1313 guineas. Class 132, 1323 guineas. Class 133, 1333 guineas. Class 134, 1343 guineas. Class 135, 1353 guineas. Class 136, 1363 guineas. Class 137, 1373 guineas. Class 138, 1383 guineas. Class 139, 1393 guineas. Class 140, 1403 guineas. Class 141, 1413 guineas. Class 142, 1423 guineas. Class 143, 1433 guineas. Class 144, 1443 guineas. Class 145, 1453 guineas. Class 146, 1463 guineas. Class 147, 1473 guineas. Class 148, 1483 guineas. Class 149, 1493 guineas. Class 150, 1503 guineas. Class 151, 1513 guineas. Class 152, 1523 guineas. Class 153, 1533 guineas. Class 154, 1543 guineas. Class 155, 1553 guineas. Class 156, 1563 guineas. Class 157, 1573 guineas. Class 158, 1583 guineas. Class 159, 1593 guineas. Class 160, 1603 guineas. Class 161, 1613 guineas. Class 162, 1623 guineas. Class 163, 1633 guineas. Class 164, 1643 guineas. Class 165, 1653 guineas. Class 166, 1663 guineas. Class 167, 1673 guineas. Class 168, 1683 guineas. Class 169, 1693 guineas. Class 170, 1703 guineas. Class 171, 1713 guineas. Class 172, 1723 guineas. Class 173, 1733 guineas. Class 174, 1743 guineas. Class 175, 1753 guineas. Class 176, 1763 guineas. Class 177, 1773 guineas. Class 178, 1783 guineas. Class 179, 1793 guineas. Class 180, 1803 guineas. Class 181, 1813 guineas. Class 182, 1823 guineas. Class 183, 1833 guineas. Class 184, 1843 guineas. Class 185, 1853 guineas. Class 186, 1863 guineas. Class 187, 1873 guineas. Class 188, 1883 guineas. Class 189, 1893 guineas. Class 190, 1903 guineas. Class 191, 1913 guineas. Class 192, 1923 guineas. Class 193, 1933 guineas. Class 194, 1943 guineas. Class 195, 1953 guineas. Class 196, 1963 guineas. Class 197, 1973 guineas. Class 198, 1983 guineas. Class 199, 1993 guineas. Class 200, 2003 guineas. Class 201, 2013 guineas. Class 202, 2023 guineas. Class 203, 2033 guineas. Class 204, 2043 guineas. Class 205, 2053 guineas. Class 206, 2063 guineas. Class 207, 2073 guineas. Class 208, 2083 guineas. Class 209, 2093 guineas. Class 210, 2103 guineas. Class 211, 2113 guineas. Class 212, 2123 guineas. Class 213, 2133 guineas. Class 214, 2143 guineas. Class 215, 2153 guineas. Class 216, 2163 guineas. Class 217, 2173 guineas. Class 218, 2183 guineas. Class 219, 2193 guineas. Class 220, 2203 guineas. Class 221, 2213 guineas. Class 222, 2223 guineas. Class 223, 2233 guineas. Class 224, 2243 guineas. Class 225, 2253 guineas. Class 226, 2263 guineas. Class 227, 2273 guineas. Class 228, 2283 guineas. Class 229, 2293 guineas. Class 230, 2303 guineas. Class 231, 2313 guineas. Class 232, 2323 guineas. Class 233, 2333 guineas. Class 234, 2343 guineas. Class 235, 2353 guineas. Class 236, 2363 guineas. Class 237, 2373 guineas. Class 238, 2383 guineas. Class 239, 2393 guineas. Class 240, 2403 guineas. Class 241, 2413 guineas. Class 242, 2423 guineas. Class 243, 2433 guineas. Class 244, 2443 guineas. Class 245, 2453 guineas. Class 246, 2463 guineas. Class 247, 2473 guineas. Class 248, 2483 guineas. Class 249, 2493 guineas. Class 250, 2503 guineas. Class 251, 2513 guineas. Class 252, 2523 guineas. Class 253, 2533 guineas. Class 254, 2543 guineas. Class 255, 2553 guineas. Class 256, 2563 guineas. Class 257, 2573 guineas. Class 258, 2583 guineas. Class 259, 2593 guineas. Class 260, 2603 guineas. Class 261, 2613 guineas. Class 262, 2623 guineas. Class 263, 2633 guineas. Class 264, 2643 guineas. Class 265, 2653 guineas. Class 266, 2663 guineas. Class 267, 2673 guineas. Class 268, 2683 guineas. Class 269, 2693 guineas. Class 270, 2703 guineas. Class 271, 2713 guineas. Class 272, 2723 guineas. Class 273, 2733 guineas. Class 274, 2743 guineas. Class 275, 2753 guineas. Class 276, 2763 guineas. Class 277, 2773 guineas. Class 278, 2783 guineas. Class 279, 2793 guineas. Class 280, 2803 guineas. Class 281, 2813 guineas. Class 282, 2823 guineas. Class 283, 2833 guineas. Class 284, 2843 guineas. Class 285, 2853 guineas. Class 286, 2863 guineas. Class 287, 2873 guineas. Class 288, 2883 guineas. Class 289, 2893 guineas. Class 290, 2903 guineas. Class 291, 2913 guineas. Class 292, 2923 guineas. Class 293, 2933 guineas. Class 294, 2943 guineas. Class 295, 2953 guineas. Class

TRADE MARK

ORA ET LABORA

MELLIN'S FOOD FOR INFANTS & INVALIDS

The advertisement features a central text block with the words "MELLIN'S FOOD FOR INFANTS & INVALIDS" in a large, bold, serif font. The text is surrounded by a decorative border of children and flowers. At the top center, there is a trade mark logo featuring a bird (likely a swallow) perched on a branch, with the words "TRADE MARK" below it. Below the trade mark, there is a small illustration of a nest with three birds, and the Latin phrase "ORA ET LABORA" is written on a banner. The border is composed of numerous small, oval-framed portraits of healthy-looking children, interspersed with large, stylized flowers (possibly daisies). The children are shown in various poses, some sitting, some standing, and some holding objects. The overall style is characteristic of late 19th-century advertising, with a focus on health and family values.

These are a few specimens out of many thousands of Healthy Children
reared on MELLIN'S FOOD.

CONTEMPT OF COURT.

"Contempt of Court: Committal and Arrest upon Civil Process, in the Supreme Court of Judicature." By James Francis Oswald, Barrister-at-Law. (London: Clowes.)—Mr. J. F. Oswald has written a book upon a branch of the law with which the general public have now little need to be acquainted, but it is not without general interest. The student of literary history and the humorist may find something everywhere for their nets, and Mr. Oswald's book is no exception. No one now is imprisoned for any ordinary debt which he is unable to pay, but in the last century and the first half of this "arrest upon civil process," or, in other words, arrest for debt, was very common, and the novels of Fielding, Dickens, and Thackeray have many references to unfortunate gentlemen who, like Rawdon Crawley, found themselves in sponging-houses and debtors' prisons. Contempt of court is, however, a matter with which we are all familiar, from the time when Henry V. (then Prince of Wales) insulted Chief Justice Gascoigne. Mr. Oswald recalls a very much more modern case, when an egg was thrown at Vice-Chancellor Malins by some "American person." It is pleasant to know, firstly, that the American went to prison for about five months, and was then placed on board a ship bound for New York; and secondly, that the Vice-Chancellor, or someone in his name, hatched a joke which is better than many judicial jokes by remarking that the egg must have been intended for "his brother Bacon." Outrages of this kind are very uncommon: but the judges always have had, and must have, power when defiantly disobeyed in their jurisdiction to commit the offending persons to prison for contempt. Several curious cases are related in this book. But we do not see any reference to the traditional bald-headed

man, ordered to leave the court on a bright summer's day, because the rays of the sun were refracted from this man's bald head to the dazzled eyes of the judge; or to the other man who got into trouble by reading a newspaper in court. There is reference in this book to a Scotch advocate who, regardless of the judge's remonstrances, carried away and destroyed a document. This reminds us of a case related by Lord Brougham, in which an eminent English advocate, who afterwards became a judge, was conducting a civil action when forgery was a capital offence. Contrary to his client's instructions, and by mistake, he produced a deed, then found to be a forgery. The solicitor who had concocted it was likely to be arrested and hanged. The advocate, upon some excuse, got the deed back again in court, and refused to part with it, saying he would not allow the life of a fellow-creature to be sacrificed by the blunder. John Wilkes, in Paris, told a lady that he was trying to find out how far it was safe to attack the King. Those who want to learn how far they may go without committing contempt of court cannot do better than consult Mr. Oswald's treatise.

The fatal balloon disaster at the Crystal Palace on June 29 has caused a second death, that of Mr. Cecil Shadbolt, one of the three companions of the unfortunate "Captain" Dale. Mr. Shadbolt died on July 8 in the Norwood Cottage Hospital.

Two clerks in a Liverpool cotton-broker's office are in police custody, charged with embezzling many thousands of pounds belonging to their employers, which money they used, and lost, in speculating in the cotton-market and share-market. Their operations deceived two very respectable firms in the cotton trade, which have failed in consequence, or have been obliged to suspend payment.

THE GUN CLUB INTERNATIONAL PRIZE.

At the "international" meeting of the Gun Club at Notting Hill, on June 25, there were sixty-nine competitors in the "miss-and-out" handicap. This contest was won by Mr.



THE GUN CLUB INTERNATIONAL PRIZE CUP.

Oakleigh Thorne, shooting at the maximum distance, thirty-one yards. The prize trophy consists of a silver cup, manufactured by Messrs. Elkington and Co., the design of which is shown in our illustration.

DEATH.

On June 18, at Zacatecas, Mexico, Rayner Hector Henry Alexander, eldest and only surviving son of the late Lieut.-Colonel Henry Alexander, in his 71st year.
*The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths is Five Shillings.

LYCEUM.—KING HENRY VIII., TO-DAY
(SATURDAY) at TWO, and Every Evening at EIGHT (except Saturday), Cardinal Wolsey, Mr. IVYING; Queen Katharine, Miss ELLEN TERRILL. Last Matinee of "King Henry VIII." next Saturday at Two o'clock. Box-office (Mr. J. Hurst) open daily, Ten to Five. Seats also booked by letter or telegram.—LYCEUM.

CHOCOLAT-MENIER.

Awarded
the
HIGHEST HONOURS
AT ALL EXHIBITIONS.

CHOCOLAT-MENIER

In 4-lb. and 2-lb. Packets. For
BREAKFAST,
LUNCHEON, and SUPPER.

CHOCOLAT-MENIER.

Daily Consumption
exceeds 50 tons.

CHOCOLAT-MENIER.

Paris,
London,
New York.
Sold Everywhere.

K'BOOTS AND SHOES
HOLDEN BROTHERS
223 REGENT STREET LONDON.

The latest Novelty
in Perfume
HYSCENTIA
Delicate Fragrant
Lasting

ZENO & CO
39, WILSON ST., LONDON E.C.
A. of all dealers in Perfumery
at 2/-, 3/6, 5/6 & 7/- per bottle

J. ALLISON and CO., REGENT HOUSE.
ANNUAL SUMMER SALE NOW PROCEEDING.
GREAT REDUCTIONS IN ALL DEPARTMENTS. Printed
Pongees at 12d. the yard, reduced from 2s. Shot Surahs
and Glacé Silks 2s. 11d., originally 3s. 6d. and 4s. Black
Broche Silks at 2s. 11d., special value. Coloured Broche
Silks at 4s. 6d., reduced from 10s. 6d. Black and Coloured
Bengalines at 2s. 11d., very cheap. All Costumes much
reduced. Navy Serge Skirts on Silk Foundations at 21s.
Striped Lustre ditto at 17s. 6d., special value. New Shot-
Wool Mixtures at 23d., usual price 3s. 9d. Dust Cloaks and
Macintoshes from 13s. 6d. Tailor-made Jackets and Vests
much reduced. Ribbons, Laces, and all Fancy Articles greatly
reduced.—J. ALLISON and CO., Regent House, 238, 240, and
242, Regent Street, and 26 and 27, Argyll Street, W.

BENZINE COLLAS.—Ask for "Collas."
CLEANS GLOVES.—CLEANS DRESSES.
CLEANS GLOVES.—CLEANS DRESSES.
CLEANS GLOVES.—CLEANS DRESSES.

BENZINE COLLAS.—Buy "Collas."
REMOVES TAR, OIL, PAINT, GREASE.
REMOVES TAR, OIL, PAINT, GREASE.
FROM FURNITURE.—CLOTH, &c.

BENZINE COLLAS.—Try "Collas."
See the word COLLAS on the Label and Cap.
Extra refined, nearly odourless.
On using becoming quite odourless.

BENZINE COLLAS.—Ask for "Collas"
Preparation, and take no other.
Sold everywhere, 6d. 1s. and 1s. 6d. per Bottle.
Agents: J. SANGER and SONS, 489, Oxford Street, W.

GOLDEN HAIR.—Robare's AUREOLINE
produces the beautiful golden colour so much admired.
Warranted perfectly harmless. Price 5s. 6d. and 10s. 6d., of all
Principal Perfumers and Chemists throughout the world.
Agents, R. HOVENDEN and SONS, 31 and 32, Berners St., W.

ASTHMA CURED by the "FRUNEAU
PAPER" (Papier Frumau), which has obtained the
Highest Award in the Paris Universal Exhibition of 1889.
London Agent: GABRIEL JOZEAU, 49, Haymarket, London.

THE BEST JUDGES OF CIGARS
NOW OBTAIN THEIR SUPPLIES AT
BENSON'S, 61, ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD,
Really good Foreign Cigars at **London.**
16s., 20s., 22s. per 100 (and upwards). Samples for 1s. (14 stamps).

PLEYEL, WOLFF, and CO., Pianoforte
Manufacturers. Established 1807. These celebrated
PIANOS possess artistic qualities not to be found in any
other make. For SALE or HIRE; and on the Quarterly
Installment System.
170, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.

NEW NOVELS AT ALL LIBRARIES.
BELHAVEN. By MAX BERESFORD, Author of
"Bonnie Dundee." 2 vols.
MORE KIN THAN KIND. By B. LOFTUS TOTTEN-
HAM. 3 vols.
NO PLACE OF REPENTANCE. By GERTRUDE M.
HAYWARD, Author of "Dulcibel." 3 vols.
OF THE WORLD, WORLDLY. By Mrs. FORRESTER.
Author of "Viva," "My Lord and My Lady," &c. 2 vols.
ST. MICHAEL'S EVE. By W. H. DE WINTON.
2 vols.
A WOMAN AT THE HELM. By the Author of
"Dr. Edith Romney," "Evelyn's Career," &c. 3 vols.
London: HURST and BLACKETT, Limited.

NEW SERIAL STORY by JAMES PAYN,
entitled "A STUMBLE ON THE THRESHOLD," with
illustrations by Hal Ludlow, now appearing in "The Queen,"
the Lady's Newspaper, weekly. Chapter I. commenced July 2.
Price 6d.; post free, 6d.
"Queen" Office, Bream's Buildings, London, E.C.

TAYLOR'S CIMOLITE is the only
thoroughly harmless SKIN POWDER. Prepared by an
experienced Chemist, and constantly prescribed by the most
eminent Skin Doctors. Post free. Sent for 14 or 36 penny
stamps. MOST INVALUABLE.
J. TAYLOR, Chemist, 13, Baker Street, London, W.

Call and see the simple machine
in operation at 61, Queen
Victoria St. London
with bulb
F. 3
Make your own ICE
without the aid of freezing powders
to the
Pulsometer
Eng. Co. Ld. London S.W.
Prices from £8.8.0 upwards



PERSONAL LOVELINESS
is greatly enhanced by a fine set of teeth. On the other
hand, nothing so detracts from the effect of pleasing
features as yellow or decayed teeth. Don't lose sight of
this fact, and remember to cleanse your teeth every
morning with that supremely delightful and effectual
dentifrice
FRAGRANT
SOZODONT
which imparts whiteness to them, without the least injury
to the enamel. The gums are made healthy by its use, and
that mortifying defect, a repulsive breath, is completely
remedied by it. Sozodont is in high favour with the fair
sex, because it lends an added charm to their pretty mouths.

WALKER'S CRYSTAL CASE WATCHES.
An Illustrated Catalogue of Watches and Clocks at
reduced prices sent free on application to
JOHN WALKER 77, Cornhill; and 230, Regent Street.

LONDON SCHOOL OF MEDICINE FOR
WOMEN, 30, Handel Street, Brunswick Square, W.C., and
ROYAL FREE HOSPITAL. School Scholarship, value £30,
and Indian Scholarship, value £25 a year for four years, offered
next September. Apply SECRETARY.

For over a quarter of a century it
has never failed to rapidly
restore Grey or Faded
Hair, in youth
or age.

NUDA
It arrests
Falling.
causes Luxu-
riant Growth, is
permanent, &
perfectly harm-
less

HAIR RESTORER
In Cases,
106; of all
Hairdressers
and Chemists.
Circulars on
applica-
tion.

Wholesale
Agents:
R. HOVENDEN & SONS,
31-33, BERNERS STREET, W.,
and 91-95, CITY ROAD, E.C., LONDON.

THE MEXICAN
HAIR RENEWER

Prevents the Hair from falling off.
Restores Grey or White Hair to its ORIGINAL
COLOUR.
Being delicately perfumed, it leaves no unpleasant
odour.
Is NOT a dye, and therefore does not stain the skin,
or even white linen.
Should be in every house where a HAIR RENEWER
is needed.

OF ALL CHEMISTS & HAIRDRESSERS, price 3s. 6d.

NOTICE.
THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER may now be
obtained in New York from the ANGLO-AMERICAN
DRUG CO., 217, FULTON STREET, and all Druggists.

ED. PINAUD
PARIS, 37, Bd de Strasbourg

ED. PINAUD'S Celebrated Perfumes
VIOLET OF PARMA | THEODORA
IXORA BREON | AIDA

ED. PINAUD'S QUININE WATER
The world-renowned hair
tonic; prevents the hair from falling off

ED. PINAUD'S IXORA SOAP
The best soap known.

Sold by all First-class Perfumers.
Wholesale: R. HOVENDEN & SONS,
31, Berners Street (Oxford Street), London, W.

FAR, FAR AND AWAY THE BEST NIGHT LIGHTS.

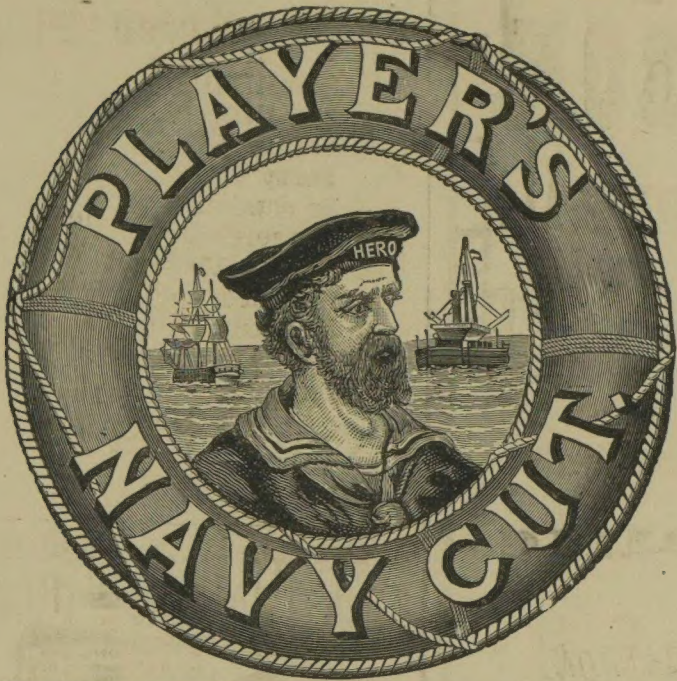
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CLARKE'S PYRAMID
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THE SHADED PART
REPRESENTS THE
PLASTER FIRE-PROOF CASE.
Single Wicks, burn 9 hours each, in Boxes containing 8 lights.
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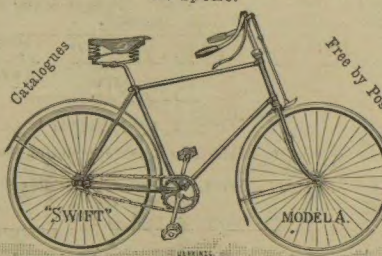
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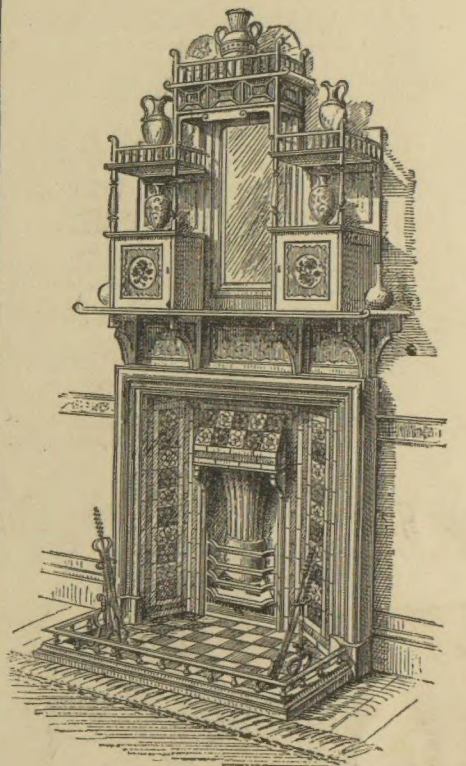
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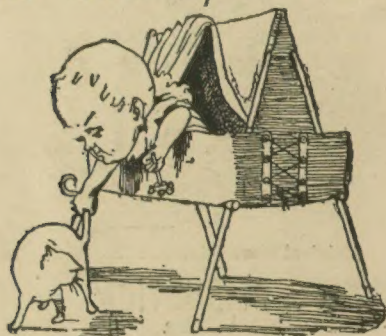
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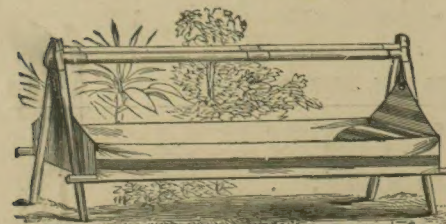


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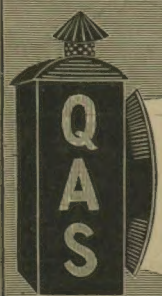
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